

PROPOSED ROADSIDE MARKERS FOR WEST VIRGINIA

Send any suggested changes at once to  
HISTORIC MARKER COMMISSION  
City Building, Charleston, W. Va.

POCAHONTAS COUNTY

Formed from Bath, Pendleton,

Randolph and Greenbrier in (5 Boundary Markers)

1821. Named for Pocahontas, Pocahontas-Greenbrier U.S.219  
Indian princess, the friend Pocahontas-Randolph U.S.219  
of the Jamestown settlers. Pocahontas-Randolph U.S.250  
site of Droop Mountain bat- Pocahontas-Virginia U.S.250  
tle, Nov. 6, 1863. The famous Pocahontas-Pendleton W.Va. 28  
Cranberry Glades are here.

MARLINTON

Settled, 1749, by Sewell and  
Marlin. The oldest recorded  
settlement on western waters.

Here stood oak, marking cor-  
ner of first survey west of  
Alleghonies. Here was Fort  
Greenbrier, built, 1755, and  
garrisoned by General Lewis.

(Opposite Side)

MARLINTON

The old Seneca Indian Trail  
from New York to Georgia  
still may be seen nearby.

During the French and Indian  
War, 18 settlers lost lives  
in vicinity. During Indian  
raids in 1779, 13 were killed  
and many were taken captive.

POCONOINT'S COUNTY (Continued)

"TRAVELERS' REPOSE"

Made famous in novels of  
Hergesheimer, Bierce and  
others. This is the country  
of "Tol'able David". On the  
neighboring hills are the  
Confederate trenches of  
W.L. Jackson's troops. Scene  
of minor engagements, 1861.

MILLPOINT

Here Stephen Sewell camped  
in 1750. Site of Fort Day,  
1774. To the north, Indians  
killed James Bridger, father  
of the noted Oregon Trail  
scout, with his brother. Here  
James E.A. Gibbs invented  
chain-stitch sewing machine.

HUNTERSVILLE

Established in 1821. Early  
trading post here brought  
hunters and trappers and  
gave name to the town. In  
1822, first county court  
met here at the cabin of  
John Bradshaw. Gen. Lee was  
encamped here in 1861.

HILLSBORO

Here General Averell camped  
before the battle of Droop  
Mountain and after his raid

met here at the cabin of

John Bradshaw. Gen. Lee was  
encamped here in 1861.

### HILLSBORO

Here General Averell camped  
before the battle of Droop  
Mountain and after his raid  
to Salem, Virginia, in 1863.

Settlements were made in the  
vicinity in the 1760's by  
John McNeel and the Kinnisons.

Birthplace of Pearl Buck.

POCAHONTAS COUNTY (Continued)

DROOP MOUNTAIN

Here, November 6, 1863, Union  
troops, commanded by General  
Averell, defeated Confederate  
forces under General Echols.  
This has been considered the  
most extensive engagement in  
this State and the site was  
made a State park in 1929.

RIDER GAP

In this mountain gap, through  
which came early pioneers,  
Gen. W. W. Loring camped, 1861,  
with 10,000 Confederates. In  
July, Gen. Lee succeeded him  
here. North and south is the  
mountain road which offers a  
hundred-mile sky line drive.

Inventory of Materials

Topics: Point of interest W. Va.

Hillsboro

Pocahontas County

Title:

Date Submitted: 11-26-37 Length:

Author:

Editor:

Status:

Contents:

Birthplace of Pearl S. Buck  
Gives present owner of house,  
present condition.

Source:

Questions answered by Postmaster of  
Hillsboro.

Consultant:

Reliability:

File: \_\_\_\_\_

Folder: \_\_\_\_\_

WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION

OF WEST VIRGINIA

312 Smallridge Building,  
Charleston, W. Va.

ALDERSON  
DIRECTOR

17  
HSCGLANDS

November 18, 1937.

*Ocavontas Co*

Postmaster Hillsboro,  
West Virginia.

Dear Sir:

A few facts connected with the history of the house in which Pearl S. Buck was born are needed by the Federal Writers' Project for the completion of the Hillsboro story. I shall be greatly obliged if you will supply the answers to the following questions:

Who are the present owners and occupants? *Geo. R. Edgar*  
Is it open to visitors? *Worth doing you as you have in*  
Has it been changed materially since its construction, *Nothing*  
inside or outside? *True*

Is there anything of particular interest to be seen there? *just*  
*a slave country house*

Thanking you for your kind cooperation, I am,

Very truly yours,

*John L. Stender*  
John L. Stender,  
State Director  
Federal Writers' Project.

JLS:ew

Civil War

Shortly after the Civil War a political orator waved the bloody flag at Edray and urged the people to vote the way they had shot. Rev. John Waugh replied to him something like this: "The war is over. It is our duty to promote peace. I had a son in the Confederate army and I had a son in the Union army. If the hostilities continue, the factions will be holding their basket dinners in different hollows." This was the last effort on the part of any speaker to make a bloody flag speech in this county.

From 1926 W. Va. Blue Book

\* (red) The Civil War marked the division line in this county between the old and the new. The thinking men in the county were especially interested in the 1870 in introducing appliances that the soldiers had observed on their campaigns. This was the line of demarkation between the sickle and the grain cradle, the flintlock rifle and the repeating rifle, the introduction of the steam engine and the portable sawmill to take the place of the water turned mill, kerosene lamps for candle light. M. A. Friel of near Clover Lick owned the first kerosene lamp ever in the county in 1865.

But more than anything else that spurred the business men of Pocahontas County was the success of James E. A. Gibbs, of Marlinton, who after the Civil War found he was rich because of the success of a chain stitch sewing machine he had invented just before the war.

The older citizens of today have seen the adoption of such things as the steam engine, sewing machine (1872), turbine wheel, telephone (1898), printing ships (1882) bend mills, and many more. On the other hand, during this period, we lost a great many skilled workmen such as candlemakers, farriers, shoemakers, weavers, spinners, taylors, harnessmakers, saddlers, stonemasons and the like. This was especially true after the covered wagons began to make regular trips to bring in freight from Millboro, Staunton, Huttonsville, and Ronceverte and with the coming of the railroads in 1901 they became fewer and fewer.

The industrial developments were gradual. This county developed along with the internal developments of Virginia through the building of turnpikes in the 1830-50.

37

at this time our natural resources were practically untouched. Agriculture and grazing of live stock were the chief industries.

\*(green) Agriculture was the chief pursuit of the early settlers of Pocahontas county. Because travel was difficult and transportation facilities were meager, the settlers were compelled to be practically self sustaining. Gardening, together with the growing of small patches of buckwheat, corn, beans, and potatoes, largely constituted the early farming enterprises. Later cattle, sheep, and hogs were introduced principally for mildm wool and meat to supplement the supply of wild game and fish that was an important source of food and clothing. Trapping furnished furs and skins that could be traded for the few supplies not produced at home. The bottom lands were generally devoted to grain and hay, and the adjacent slopes were cleared and used for pasture. The land has always been farmed, for the most part, in small tracts by the owners. Few slaves were owned and the freeing of them did not affect agriculture.

Between 1880 and 1890 the production of all grains and crops increased materially. The total acreage in all grains has remained fairly constant since 1890, but acreage in certain crops have fluctuated considerably. Corn has been in the lead at all times followed by either wheat or oats. Hay increased from 10,817 acres in 1879 to 15,138 acres in 1889 and has increased very little since, but the acre yield has been more than doubled. Since 1900 the total number of hogs and cattle has dropped off slightly, but the number of sheep raised and the production of wool, dairy products, poultry and eggs have increased considerably. The acreage occupied by potatoes and garden crops most of which are grown for home use, fluctuates from year to year.

Between 1880 and 1910 the number of farms steadily increased from 682 to 1,198, the latter figure being only 3 below that given by the 1930 census report. As the size of the farms has decreased slightly in the last 50 years, the total amount of land in farms has remained fairly constant.

Poor transportation facilities, long distance from markets, and the need of cash income forced the farmers of this section in early days to turn to the production of beef. Even now with railroad shipping available, it remains the largest source of income. Formerly all cattle, when ready for market, were driven overland. To outside markets, principally pittsburg, Baltimore and Clarksburg. Many were sold as feeders

the Shenandoah and Potomac Valleys to the east and were later marketed from there. 31  
practically all the cattle were sold grass fattened.

Farming methods and management were governed largely by the steepness of the land and the size of the farm. Soon after transportation facilities became available the larger land owners brought in mowing machines, reapers, buggy rakes and wagons, but on the smaller patch farms and on steep or stony lands, much of the work was still done by hand, and continues so even today.

\* (red) From---Pocahontas Times --- 1929  
by --- Andrew Price

\* (green) From---Report on Poca. County  
by --- Dr. B. H. Williams of the U. S. Depart. of Agri.

## Chapter 4

Janetta Dill 37

### FIRST COURT OF POCOHONTAS (cont.)

The business of the third day of this historical term of court was the organization of the 127th Regiment of the State Militia as a part of the Virginia military establishment. The following citizens were commissioned as officials:

John Baxter, Colonel

Benjamin Tallman, Lieutenant Colonel

William Blair, Major

Boone Tallman, William Arbogast

Henry Herold, Isaac Moore

and Milburn Hughes, Captains

Andrew G. Mathews

Robert Warwick, William Morgan

William Young and James Rhea, Lieutenants

Jacob Slaven, James Wanless

Samuel Young and

James Callison, Ensigns

### Regimental Muster

From the time of the organization of the 127 Regiment on March 7, 1822 until the Civil War, Regimental Muster days were the big social gatherings of the year. It was the one occasion on which all the men of the county had a chance to get together. Every man between the ages of eighteen and forty-five were required to take part in the military practice.

For several years after the organization of this Regiment the Brigade Inspector was Major John Alexander of Lexington.

He would bring his drummer and fifer with him, two colored men in bright red uniforms. These colored men were the envy of all the colored men of the county.

The Colonel would train the men for about three days. Then on the fourth day came the yearly regimental, or "Big Muster" as it was usually called. This took place in May just after corn planting. People crowded into Huntersville from all sections of the county and there was much social hilarity. The saloons did a flourishing business. About eleven o'clock the long roll of the drum was heard. The colonel and his staff appeared at the head of the street and paraded. The street proceeded by fife and drum. On their return the Colonel instructed the adjutant to have the regiment formed. The Colonel and staff would then return to headquarters.

In the meantime the Captain gave orders for the men to fall into ranks. When formed the adjutant placed them in position and reported all in readiness. The Colonel and his staff would appear at the head of the regiment. It was then reviewed by the Colonel and his staff proceeded by the band. Then he would return to the head of the regiment. The order was then given to close ranks and form in column of twos. Soon the whole regiment was on the march to a neighboring field selected for the developments. Two or three hours would be passed in drill and fake battle, then the bugle would sound the retreat. The drum and fife would take up Bonapartes' "Retreat from Moscow" and the whole column would return to Huntersville in slow and regular order. There they disbanded.

Cake, beer and other drinks were then passed round. And then came the celebration for which so many had looked forward. Night usually found many of them still in town sorry it did not last longer. Some of them would stage fake battle on their way home which can be illustrated by the following event:

In May 1834 on returning from Muster rather late in the evening some of the men were racing their horses in furious charge against imaginary British on the Cummings Creek road, Two miles from Huntersville. While not in the charge, Isaac Jordan's horse seemed to smell something of the make-believe battle, reared and plunged, throwing his rider and severely fracturing his thigh. William Gibson, merchant and hotel keeper at Huntersville was sent for and Mr. Jordan was taken back to Mr. Gibson's home. John Cochran was employed to nurse him for three months until he was able to return home.

Pocahontas citizens who were colonels of the regiment were: John Baxter, Benjamine Tallman, John Hill, Paul McNeel, D.W. Kerr, James Tallman, W.F. Gammon, James T. Lockridge, David W. Kerr.

Juanita S. Dilley  
Clover Lick, W. Va.

Regimental Muster Day  
and  
County Officials

June 7, 1940

Nelle Y. McLaughlin  
Marlinton, W. Va.

POCAHONTAS COUNTY

-1-

Chapter 5 - Section 2

All my life I have heard of the lost seng patch in the mountains somewhere between the headwaters of Greenbrier River and Shavers Fork Cheat. One of the stories was that Union soldiers on a scouting tour in the mountains came upon an acre or two of seng stalks, growing thick as weeds. There was no time to stop and dig, and those who survived the war never could go back and find the place. At least, that is what they said.

One of these soldiers, who fought under General Averill, was an uncle of Sol Workman (S. S. Workman) of Marlinton. The young soldier marked the place as being on the blazed line of an ancient land survey. He told his nephews, Jim and Sol Workman about it, and how they could find it if they would follow the old land line. At a guess this might have been a line of the old Phillip Survey, made away back just after the American Revolution. One of the lines of one of these old land surveys in that part of the country is nearly twenty miles long on one bearing.

Anyway about thirty years ago before the big timber was cut, Sol and Jim Workman took back packs of provisions and set out to find the lost seng patch. Out from Durbin they found the old line of marked trees, and for the better part of a week they followed the line, senging as they went and sleeping where night came upon them.

Finally they came to the place, on the rocky side

POCAHONTAS COUNTY

-2-

of a ridge, but the late Thomas Kellison of Little Back Creek had beaten them to it by a matter of a few days.

Seng stalks were lying around in piles and bundles. He had made a rich haul. There was plenty of sign too that the patch had been dug years before.

Though the boys missed the big prize, the trip was well worth while as they dug nearly two hundred dollars worth of seng, as they traveled in ferreting out the big patch.

On the trip the boys found that the old line went through such a big patch of laurel, they were the better part of two days working their way through it, camping in the middle of it one night.

Although the big timber was cut years ago, Sol believes he has the place so well marked in his mind that he can make his way to it again.

Pocahontas Times for June 1937

---

POCAHONTAS COUNTY

-3-

Chapter 5 - Section 2

Mr. James Workman of the Little Levels District gave me the following information:

Along about 1830 or 1840, A. J. Workman, the father of Sol and Jim Workman, bought a farm of 175 acres on Rock Run. He was one of the greatest sengers in the county. I have been told by many people that he could see a stalk of ginseng as far as the eye could carry. He paid for this farm by selling ginseng at seventy-five cents per pound. Mr. Workman told me that in those days ginseng was about the only thing that a farmer could get any money from. Of course, the furs of the mink and coons could be sold or traded for salt, sugar or coffee. Mr. Workman would go to Williams River and stay for weeks at a time. He would take with him only bacon, corn meal and coffee. Sometimes he would not even carry a gun. Once, while out there, he heard a panther kill a deer at night. As he had no gun, he waited until morning and then went to look for what remained of the deer. He said there was about half of the deer remaining and he dressed this and brought it back to use.

Mr. Workman remembers hearing his father talk about trading with John Harness at Huntersville. He would take his pelts, venison and ginseng and would bring home salt, powder, coffee, lead or whatever he could get that he needed.

Besides ginseng, there were other herbs which were sold, such as golden seal and seneca snake root.

Mr. Workman remembers the first white sugar he ever saw.

POCAHONTAS COUNTY

-4-

He said that they, as children, thought it the finest candy they had ever eaten.

The livestock was kept in pens near the house to keep it safe from the wild animals. But even this failed at times. Bears often came at night and took the pigs out of the pens. In those days they did not worry so much about raising enough corn for their stock. They would just turn them out and fatten them on dogwood and birch.

They had regular days for trading, usually near the last of the week. They traded horses, live stock, furs and anything they had for the things they needed.

Sometime between 1885-89 a coal mine was opened at Briary Knob. The coal was hauled to Laurel Run to fire a locomotive used for a log train by the St. Lawrence Boom and Manufacturing Company. This locomotive had been hauled in here on wagons a piece at a time and then put together here. The locomotive was called "Pocahontas". There were 45,000,000 ft. of white pine taken out of that one hollow.

From West Virginia Geological Survey - 1929- Pocahontas Co.

In Pocahontas County coals are found in the Pocono and Mauch Chunk Series of the Mississippi and the Kanawha and New River Groups of the Pottsville Series, but it is only in the latter two groups that coals of commercial value and minable thickness are found, the Pocahontas Group and the Pottsville Series that contains the famous Pocahontas coals of southern West Virginia being

POCAHONTAS COUNTY

-5-

entirely absent in this area. The coals of the Kanawha and New River Groups, that are present in this county are confined to the western limits of Little Levels, Edray, and Greenbank Districts.

Of the five Pottsville coals which occur in this county there are three which appear to have a definite minable thickness in some localities. The three beds regarded as minable in descending order are the Gilbert, Hughes Ferry, and Sewell coals.

Because of their distance from permanent railroads and coal markets, and their general inaccessibility, their development will undoubtedly be in the somewhat distant future, but should nevertheless be considered as one of the county's valuable potential resources.

There are no commercial mines in Pocahontas County.

In the vicinity of Hillsboro, there are deposits of marble varying in color from red to maroon to a pinkish tinge and from that to various shades of gray. This marble phase varies from 25 to 40 feet in thickness and will produce stone suitable for ornamental purposes. At the time of the building of the new State Capitol, this marble was offered but refused, perhaps on account of its inaccessibility.

POCAHONTAS COUNTY

-6-

Chapter 5 - Section 1

The old log house on the farm of Mr. A. J. Workman had floors made of inch boards. A man named William Miller had hewed the boards by hand out of poplar. To clean these floors, they would put sand on them about an inch thick. This would be left on four or five days and when the floors were scrubbed, they would be white and clean. The pioneer homes were kept scrupulously clean.

There were no regular hours for work. Both the men and the women worked from daylight to dark. The food was coarse but they had plenty of it. Such a thing as a balanced meal had never been heard of. They had plenty of all kinds of wild meat and fish. Corn meal was used mostly for bread, but once in a great while they would have wheat bread. This was quite a treat.

The laundry was done at the creek when it was not too cold. They used big kettles for heating the water. Iron cooking utensils were used almost altogether because the food was cooked over a fireplace or in the coals.

In those days there was not so much stress laid on bathing but every boy could swim and from early spring until late fall, they went to the creek to swim and incidentally bathe.

June 3, 1940

Nelle V. McLaughlin  
Larinton, W. Va.

POCAHONTAS COUNTY

-1-

Chapter 5 - Section 1 - C

This is the story of "Lame Paw" the Outlaw, as told by Mr. Andrew Price in the 1926 Blue Book. Five years ago "Lame Paw" stepped into a steel trap and left a toe to show who had been there and the toe was hung up and after that the big track registered the identity of the animal. He had been making his home on Gibson's Knob. This is not the highest peak in these mountains but it is well up in the forty odd hundred feet and in a way it is one of the most spectacular features of the landscape. It has been cleared on the top and forms a long mound covered with blue grass. The mountain is encircled on every side by fine blue grass farms and it is the center of one of the finest grazing countries in West Virginia. C

County roads enclose it. Starting at Edray and following the pike to Linwood, and turning there and traversing the road to Clover Creek and thence to Poage's Lane and Warwick and back to Edray you travel a circle of thirty-three miles.

I have tried to get a list of the men who made up the hunt that day after Lame Paw, and I talked to some who were in it, and was told of twelve men and twelve hounds that made up the hunt. In addition to that every man on every side of Gibson's Knob had a bear load in his gun and was ready to fire.

The twelve I listed were: Charles Sheets, James Gibson, Robert Gibson, Willie Gibson, Dallas Tacy, Another Tacy, Doc

POCAHONTAS COUNTY

-2-

Gibson, W. E. Poage, Ross Hamrick, Carl Gibson, French Hoover. Added later: Henry Simmons, Amos Wooddell, Elmer Hannah and Roscoe Bennett, sixteen in all.

Of the twelve hounds, two were heroes, "Roamy", belonging to James Gibson, and "Liner", belonging to Dallas Tacy.

The standers were placed and the hounds taken to the top of Gibson's Knob, and there in the bear wallow was fresh sign of the bear. The hounds were loosed and within a hundred and fifty yards they jumped the big bear and another from their beds in a Wind Shake Fall, near a laurel patch. Lame Paw's companion in crime lit out from there as fast as he could lay foot to the ground and took with him ten hounds and so far as is known is going yet. It was a part of the cunning of the ancient bear, no doubt, to have a young racing bear handy to draw off such dangers as this.

But Roamy and Liner had been conferring over the matter and they knew very well the small bear was not the object of the hunt. If it had not been for these wise dogs, the whole pack would have been drawn away after the subservient bear that Lame Paw kept for the purpose and Lame Paw would have been left with his head on his paws brooding over the endless expanse that surrounded his high lookout.

But Roamy and Liner prodded him out. Lame Paw was too old and fat to enjoy running but he decided that he would have to waddle his finest if he got to Gauley Mountain and away from the dogs, men and guns.

POCAHONTAS COUNTY

-3-

he could not do anything with the hounds. One good swipe of his paw would crush a hound, but the hounds side-stepped and kept out of the way. They also kept him from fleeing rapidly. One hung on one flank of the big bear and one on the other. Each dog picked the hind leg that he was to chew and paid attention to it. When Roamy bit the leg assigned to him, the bear would stop and cuff him off, and Liner would then fasten on the leg left exposed and the big brute was much harried and distressed.

The hounds in the meantime were giving tongue and letting the hunters know the way the game was taking. The bear circled and ran about two miles until he made his last stand in the rough ground on the south side of Russell Hannah's farm, near the passway towards Slaty Fork.

The chase came near the place where James Gibson and Charles were standing, and the hunters, who were close together, both started to run to the hounds, for they could tell that the hunt had passed them and that the bear was at bay fighting the hounds. The two hunters ran in company a mile or more but there was this difference: James Gibson was sixty-eight years old, and after the first mile found that his age somewhat affected him though still sound in wind and limb. Charles Sheets was in his twenties and did not mind how far he had to run. Seeing Mr. Gibson slow up in the foot race, Mr. Sheets slowed up also and said that he would wait and go on with Mr. Gibson at a slower pace. Mr.

POCAHONTAS COUNTY

-4-

Gibson told him that it was so important to get that bear, for him to go on where the bear was raising the devil with the hounds, and so Mr. Sheets came to the bear.

Lame Paw, twelve inches between the ears, was trying to put his paw on the dog, and when the paw came down the dog was elsewhere. Sheets had the following equipment: A Winchester repeating shot gun, with shell loaded with an ounce ball. It seems that of late years, the man who carries a twelve guage shotgun that uses shells, each containing an ounce of small shot, may buy at the hardware stores shells in which each has an ounce ball and this ball cartridge when shot from such a shotgun has about the same range as the old time mountain rifle, and it is very effective ammunition for deer and bears.

The bear and dogs were fussing around in a grown up hocking and Sheets was able to shoot Lame Paw twice before the harrassed bear knew that that his enemy was on him. One of the balls went through the body near the heart and the other entered near the backbone and ranged back to the ham. The bear then went on and the dogs showed their perfect team work, each tugging at a ham and dodging and coming again.

Sheets followed but for a time it was not possible to shoot on account of the presence of the hounds and Sheets, having plenty of speed, ran around the bear and took his position on a rocky place in a cleft in the cliffs where the bear must pass. And out of the brush the big brute came

POCAHONTAS COUNTY

-5-

and as it happened, he got rid of the dogs for the time being.

Now a bear being the wisest and most timid of animals where man is concerned, will not come in shouting distance if he can help it, but when cornered or attacked there is no animal as dangerous and as hard to stop with a ball. In this case the bear, desperately wounded but with all his power left, made directly at the hunter as fast as he could lay his feet to the ground, and the hunter refusing to be a consenting party to his own destruction, in the space of a fraction of a second took aim and shot Lame Paw square between the eyes, and the big hunt was over.

On being examined the worn condition of the teeth indicated an old bear. It was as fat as fat could be and the meat was good to those who like bear meat. Owing to the late spring the hide was in perfect condition, the hair being long, thick, black and glossy.

The bear was thought to have weighed about five hundred pounds, and was the second largest bear that had been killed on the waters of Elk, and that was saying a good deal for there have been hundreds if not thousands of bears killed in those fine bear grounds.

The largest bear was fourteen inches between the ears, and was the famous Williams River sheep killing bear, killed on Elk in 1910 by Samuel Gibson. He was generally referred to as the "Old Hellion", and he used on Elk River and Williams River for years and actually put some farmers out of the sheep business.

Wiped dead.  
to minutes

## marathon Race----- 1898

# The year of 1898 saw the revival of the Olympic games in Greece after 4000 years. These Englishmen at Mingo were very much interested in them, and they sent a challenge to the boys at Marlinton, for a race of 25 miles. The challenge was accepted. As the day approached and training went on, our athletes at Marlinton began with one accord to make excuses, for 25 miles and over two mountains, is a long run.

The Marlinton entries dwindled down to one, but Mingo was in no better shape, for they found that they could have but one entry. Dr. Norman R. Price, who has since won the rank of major in the army (World War), was the entry from Marlinton. S.E.L. Grews, a splendid gentleman, a son of an English colonel, was the other entry. A telephone line had recently been built into the county and people could keep tab on the race.

The race was to begin at the Randolph county line, and was to be run over what is now the Seneca Trail to Marlinton. It took place on September 24, 1898. Andrew Price was the time-keeper.

The two boys raced to much at the start and made the first 12 miles in an hour, but at just 2 hrs. 59 minutes Grews came in winning. As he came toward the goal, he had the expression of a deer that had been run to death by hounds. He went home with death in his face, and in a few weeks he dropped dead.

Norman Price came in in three hours and 15 minutes. He told me that he felt none the worse for the race except that

his feet were blistered and very sore for about a week. He said that he had on leather shoes, as tennis shoes were unknown in Pocahontas at that time.

# I interviewed Dr. Price on April 26, 1940 for this material, as the account given in the W. Va. Blue Book 1928 was not like I had always heard it. Dr. Norman said his brother Andrew just wrote that for a joke on him.

April 23, 1940

Nelle Y. McLaughlin  
Marlinton, W. Va.

Pocahontas County

-1-

Chapter 4 - Section 3

The Story of Selim, the Algerine.

Mr. Andrew Price, on one of his visits to Highland County visited the home of Col. Lewis McClung on Bull Pasture River. Mr. Price said that he felt some hesitancy in breaking into the group of people seated on the long porch of the beautiful old colonial home. He was received very hospitably and Mr. Price found that he had an inexhaustable fund of historical knowledge. They talked about the fort being established there in 1754 when the frontier of Virginia was being guarded against the French and Indians, from the west. This is Fort George and it is reasonably certain that the old Indian chief who lodged a complaint at the council at Easton, Pennsylvania, that a friendly party of Iriquois had been taken prisoner at Marlinton, referred to this fort. He said that they were taken two days journey to another fort, and that means that it was either Fort Dinwiddie on Jacksons River or this Fort George on the Bull Pasture. The old chief said that was in 1755. General Andrew Lewis was in charge of the garrison at Marlins Bottom that year. Before reaching the fort two days journey away, two of the Indians were killed and one taken prisoner, and the rest escaped to take the bad news home.

Before the visit ended Mr. Price asked Colonel McClung, "I have come a long ways to ask you a question. What about Selim, the algerian."

"You mean Selim, the Algerine?" -

POCAMONTAS COUNTY

-2-

" Yes, the Algerine."

" Why they found him out in your county."

And this is the story in substance: About the year 1760, a hunter by the name of Givens, a brother to the famous Col. Givens, was hunting in the wilderness on Elk River and at the famous Big Spring, and he came upon a man hid in a tree top. The man was naked, starving, and all but dead, but he was able to restore him and brought him to the settlements on the Cow Pasture River, some sixty odd miles from the place where he was found. There he was taken in by Col. Dickenson. It is said that he was first taken to the home of Andrew Sitlington. This was Mr. Price's step great, great, great grandfather from whom he got his given name, and he lived on the Greenbrier at that time, having lived at Marlins Bottom, Clover Lick, and Dunmore after moving in from the Cow Pasture settlements.

The captive was a dark skinned man of pleasing appearance but no one could understand his language. After a time he was taken to the Old Stone Church settlement near Staunton and the pastor of that church was the Rev. Mr. Craig, who was a French scholar. When he addressed the stranger in that language, it was understood, and they soon had his story. The fact that the stranger understood the French language indicated that he was a an educated, cultivated man. It appeared that he was a native of Algiers, of the Mohamedan religion. His name was Selim, no doubt derived

POCAHONTAS COUNTY

-3-

from Sultans of that name, Algiers being a Turkish posession down to 1830.

The French and Indian wars having broken out Selim came to America as a French soldier and landed at New Orleans and came up that river and during the course of the campaign was taken prisoner by the Indians and brought to some Indian town in the interior. There was no Indian town at that time within the bounds of West Virginia. The Indians of the middle west were all with the French. There was an outlaw band of Indians at that time on the Ohio River known as Mingoes that were independent. Their town is at Mingo Bottom which is a few miles out of Wheeling. Anyway, he was in some Indian town and might well have been with the Mingoes, for when he escaped, he was found within a few miles of Mingo from whence the Mingoes had moved at or about that time, and the trail must have been well marked.

He said that while he had come from the south, that two women prisoners among the Indians had informed him that the nearest white settlements were to the east, and if these women prisoners were French, Ft. Duquesne at Pittsburgh might have been indicated. He escaped and made his way as far as Elk River where he was found by a hunter in a perishing condition.

Under the ministration of the Rev. Mr. Craig he accepted the Christian religion and remained in the settlements on the Cow Pasture a considerable time.

After a time he left the settlements on the river and

POCAHONTAS COUNTY

-4-

made his way to Richmond where he was made much of by the people of that city, and a little later he was heard of in Philadelphia, where his picture was painted by some great painter. And then he went back to Algiers.

After being gone some years, he came back to Richmond saying that his father had disowned him and disinherited him because he had renounced the Mohamoden faith. He remained in the vicinity of Richmond the rest of his life and is buried in that city.

From a copy of the Pocahontas Times for Sept. 1923

POCAHONTAS COUNTYLOCATION

-1-

The geographical position of our county is defined from 37 degrees 40 minutes to 38 degrees 45 minutes north Latitude; from 79 degrees 35 minutes, to 80 degrees 24 minutes West Longitude.

Pocahontas is an eastern border county, Allegheny top being the line between Pocahontas and Virginia. From the venter of West Virginia, Pocahontas County is located to the southeast. Among the distinctive features of the north portion of this county is the fact of its being a part of the high region where nearly every river system of the Virginia's find their head springs; The entire county has a great elevation, some of the highest peaks in the state being within its limits. (From Historical Markers of Pocahontas County - State Library.)

LOCATION

Pocahontas is an eastern border county. Pocahontas County, in the Appalachian Highlands was formed in 1821 from parts of Bath, Pendleton and Randolph Counties. (Virginia) and named for Pocahontas, the Indian princess. Pocahontas County is bordered on the south by Greenbrier County and on the west by Nicholas and Fayette and on the north by Webster County. (Blue Book, 1938)

check

AREA

The area of Pocahontas County is 942.61 square miles.  $942.61 \times 640 = 603,270.4$   
Pocahontas County is the third largest.

TYPE OF LAND

The County has been called the birthplace of rivers. The source of Cheat River flows from the northern part of Pocahontas County also the same applies to the Elk, except that its source is from the western part of the county. The source of Gauley River is also from the western part. The Greenbrier River's source is from the northern part of Pocahontas County. The source of the Tygart River is from the northern part of Pocahontas County. The Williams, Cranberry and Cherry, the

other mentioned rivers have their rise in this county and all flow to the westward.

East Pocahontas is mountainous and in former years heavily timbered with white pine and much other valuable timber, and abounds in iron ores. Central Pocahontas consists largely of limestone lands.

Through the county there is such an abundance of purest, freshest waters as baffle all ordinary powers of description. Literally it is a land of springs and mountains, beyond the dreams of poetic diction to portray realistically.

Some of the streams gushing from the earth, even in midsummer show undiminished volume, and with a temperature but little above that of iced water. The entire county is seemingly underlaid with vast reservoirs, whose dimensions puzzle imagination, for from the level land as well as from the mountain sides pour forth great springs, many of them with volume sufficient to propel water mills. Larger streams thus starting from a hillside sometimes disappear only to appear elsewhere from some unexpected opening in the earth. Of this it is believed that Locust Creek furnishes a notable example in the relation to Hills Creek. (W.Va. Atlas)

#### SOIL

The soil of Pocahontas County is likewise diversified. In some sections the land is thin and in others rugged; but the greater portion is exceedingly fertile, and there cannot be found in this state, or any other state, a locality better adapted to grazing and farming. - (From a Reminiscent History of Northern W. Va.)

#### TOPOGRAPHY

The county is very mountainous and has a number of mountain peaks reaching 4,500 feet in height, among which may be named Bald Knob, Mace Knob, Gibson Knob, Spruce Knob of Elk, Spruce Knob of Williams River, Barlow Top and Briery Knob. The Droop Mountain Battlefield, in this county, is the site of the most extensive Civil War battle fought in the state, which occurred on November 6, 1863. It was acquired by the State in 1929, and is now a Battlefield Park. (W.Va. Standard Atlas).

CLIMATE - BLUE BOOK 1938

AVERAGE TEMPERATURE

ANNUAL

LENGTH OF RECORD (YRS)

TEMPERATURE

STATION	COUNTY	39 years	48.1 deg.
Marlinton	Pocahontas		

The average Maximum temperature (annual) is 59.5. The average minimum temperature is 36.4.

The average rainfall 47.26 (forty-seven inches and 26 hundredths. The average number of days .01 inch or more - 121. The average annual Snowfall is 31 in. 6/10 tenths.

HISTORIC MARKERS

From the standpoint of climate, Pocahontas is subject to severe winters and ideal summers. The rainfall averages 47 inches.

Magisterial Districts (4) as follows: Edray, Greenbank, Huntersville, Little Levels..

Incorporated Cities, Towns and Villages:

NAME	POPULATION
Cass, W. Va.	708
Durbin, W. Va.	498
Hillsboro, W. Va.	220
Marlinton, W. Va.	1,586

The history of emigration or migration - Historic Markers, State Library.

County Seat - Marlinton, West Virginia.

First established in 1749 and known as Marlin's Bottom until 1887. Incorporated in 1900. Named for Jacob Marlin, one of the first white settlers to spend a winter in Pocahontas County, the other being Stephen Sewell, Edray, West Virginia. Named after a town in ancient Palestine, meaning a place surrounded. Settled prior to Revolutionary War by Thomas Drinon. Famous camping place of Indians who broke up the Drinon home, murdered his wife and carried his son away in captivity beyond the Ohio River. A stopping place mentioned by Bishop Francis Asbury in his journey from Maine to Georgia.

AGRICULTURE

A survey of the agricultural statistics of Pocahontas County reveals that in

1930, there were 1,614 people engaged in farming on 1,201 farms. In 1930 there were 250,824 acres of land in farms in Pocahontas County, which produced crops valued at \$832,283. The value of dairy products were \$44,738, and the value of livestock was estimated at \$1,377,497. (The above was taken from Rand McNally World Atlas, 1939).

Killing frosts early and late made the working of land a precarious source of subsistence until a comparatively recent period in the history of our county. As late as 1910, the fact that corn would ripen at Marlin's Bottom enough to be fit for meal was nearly a year's wonder. Gardens for onions, parsnips, cucumbers, pumpkins, and turnips; patches of buckwheat, corn, beans, and potatoes, for many years comprised the most of pioneer farming enterprise in the way of supplementing their supplies of game and fish. The implements used for clearing and cultivating these gardens and tuck patches were of home manufacture, and for the most part rudely constructed,

(The above was taken from The Historical Markers, State Library, State House.)

According to the Blue Book - 1938, the chief products and leading industries of Pocahontas County were as follows: The leading industry of Pocahontas County is lumber, tannery (sole leather). The chief products are: livestock, potatoes, oats, maple sugar, honey, and poultry.

#### COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY

Very much of Pocahontas County was heavily timbered and as the variety and quality was equal to most and surpassed by no other country in the State, before the west in-roads were made on these timber resources in the last fifteen or twenty years.

Still there is an enormous supply yet remaining after all has been done by rafts, and loaded freight cars. For twenty years or more an interesting feature was or were the lumber camps here and there in the woods where hundreds of men were comfortably housed and fed on the fat of the land in various parts of the county, mainly east of the Greenbrier. On the higher elevations west of the Greenbrier and in the western

## POCAMONTAS COUNTY

-5-

and northwestern part of the county are vast reaches of black spruce forests, now in such demand for wood pulp of which the paper is made of post cards, books, and newspapers. There remains much oak, cherry, poplar, chestnut and the more common forest trees in marked profusion.

The entire county from end to end east of the Greenbrier abounds in iron ore indications, principally the brown humitite and the reddish possiliferous.

(Above from Historic Markers -

Migration of People

In reference to the ancestry of the people of Pocahontas County, it may be inferred that the citizenship is of a composite character, German, English, Irish, Scotch, and French.

Such names as there, Lightner, Harper, Yeager, Arbogast, Herold, Hatterman, Burr, Siple, Sheets, Casebolt, Shrader, Burner, Sydenstricker, Varner, Heverher, Oakley, Gumm, Overholt, indicate German descent, etc.

Indians: There are evidences that the Indians once roamed through the thick forests of what is now our beautiful section of country. Pieces of flint have been found by our citizens which were no doubt used by the Red Race. There was an Indian burial ground on a flat above the road a short distance up the valley from I. B. Moore's dwelling. Indications were to the older people that several Indians had been buried here. It has been said that a few relics were found in later years when some excavations were made.

CRANBERRY GLADES

An intriguing bit of back Country in the Old Mountains of West Virginia which recently has been included in the Monongahela National Forest:

"Here is the botanist's paradise. Here among these mountains are found the 'Cranberry Glades,' a strangely misplaced tract of artic tundra in the southern mountains. Here you will find a bewildering array of alders, shrubs, grasses and vines, a never-ending source of delight are the two thousand varieties of orchids, which throw in a colorful contrast upon the metallic sheen of the

## POCAHONTAS COUNTY

-6-

moss carpet covering the Glades,. West Virginia is the native home of more than sixteen hundred flowering plants.

( Above from Historic Markers - State Library.)

RELIGION

The first Presbyterian Church ever organized within the county was known as the Oak Grove Church in this district in 1793. For thirty-seven years it did not have a pastor, the only preaching being done by ministers who occasionally visited this section. It is believed that the first minister to be located here was Rev. John McCue.

In 1830 this church was organized by Rev. S. L. Graham, and at the time had but nine members, including for deacons, who were Josiah Beard, George Poage, John Jordan, and S. D. Poage. Rev. Graham continued to be the pastor for 39 years, when he was succeeded by Rev. J. S. Blaine.

In 1833 Mt. Zion Church in "The Hells" was built. It is a log structure, but has been materially repaired and is still used for a house of worship. Previous to the erection of Mt. Vernon Church the people of Upper Knapps Creek attended services at Mt. Zion. Many of them went on horse back across the country by way of the Mill Run at I. B. Moore's.

Mt. Vernon Church was erected in 1856. A noticeable feature of this building is the good quality of the lumber used. Scarcely a defective ~~exam~~ spot can be seen in the ceiling. John McElwee and son did the carpenter work. All the lumber was ~~planed~~ planed by hand at the shop on the land owned by Moses Moore who was a noted Christian character.

Trinity U. E. Church at Frost was dedicated in 1888. The opening prayer was offered by Rev. Wm. T. Price of Marlinton. The dedication sermon was preached by Rev. Price, of Monroe County. His text was taken from Galatians the sixth chapter and second verse: "Bear ye one another burdens and so fulfill the law of Christ." Rev. George Spencer was the pastor in charge of the circuit. Other ministers present were Wm. and D. S. Sharp, both of Frost.

POCAHONTAS COUNTY

-7-

New Hope Lutheran Church at Minnehaha was built in 1893 through the efforts of Henry White, Sr., and his family who came to Douthard's Creek in 1875. Before building the church they had occasional services by Lutheran pastors in their homes, in nearby churches, and in school houses.

The Westminister Presbyterian Church was building in 1903 and Rev. G. W. Nickell was pastor. In 1923 the first county convention to be held in Huntersville convened here.

Mr. Carmel M. E. Church, South, was dedicated October 1, 1905.

Oak Grove Presbyterian Church was organized in the year 1793. The early records of the church were lost and no one remembers when it was built. A substantial brick structure in this sect worshipped for many years was later built southeast of Hillsboro, where the cemetery is still kept up. In 1830 the Church was reorganized.

\*\*\*\*\*

Posahontas-15

✓ Posahontas

Chapter 3

Bear  
370#

One day last week the Shaws, Var  
devenders, Wares and others killed  
the big sheep eating bear which had  
been coming off of Shavers Cheat and  
killing sheep on Elk. They got him  
on Mill Run or Staty Fork mountain.

His weight was 370 pounds, and fat  
as a fool; the fat on his rump cut full  
from the city to say that my load  
four inches. This was a big footed had gotten too great to bear in my  
bear; the measurements of his paw unequal contest with this wolf and  
thirteen inches long by eight broad  
panther business and that he was  
it was seen where this bear had kill  
and dragged three or four head of  
Norman Shaw's sheep into the woods  
Following up, wonder of wonders, a  
hunter came upon the bear at his  
feast. The bear raised to his hind  
legs and the man took a shot with a  
small bore rifle. Later it was ascer-  
tained the bullet plumb the brisket  
It apparently did little damage for  
the bear made off. The dogs then  
were put after him, but he paid the  
dogs little mind other than to run.  
He went by a stander who put him  
down and out with a bullet from a  
high power rifle.

This was a bear in his prime. He  
has been a persistent sheep killer for  
several years. He made his home in  
Shavers Cheat, and would come down  
to Tygarts Valley and the Elk regu-  
larly for his mutton. He was known  
by the unusual size of his track. Ever  
since this bear came out of his win-  
ter's sleep month ago he has been  
killing sheep. There is at least one  
more sheep stealing bear on Elk.  
This one comes out of Gauley leaves  
smaller tracks, and has been killing  
this spring, mostly on Crooked and  
Old Field Fork of Elk.

Don't be fooled by the fancy put  
down by popular writers that bears  
come out lean and poor from their  
long winter's sleep and fast. That  
bear killed on Elk last week cut two  
inches of fat on his ribs. Even though  
he never went hungry from eat-  
ing sheep, this is a poor time of year  
to fatten a beast, and a month is a  
short time to do it in. That bear  
went to hole fat December 21 and he  
came out fat on March 22.

Word comes that the tracks of the  
old she wolf were seen in the snow  
last week in the pine patch on Mid-  
die Mountain of Elk. The snow was  
off the hillside and she could not be  
tracked. They are now guessing she  
has a den somewhere with pups in it.

The other Sunday night Mrs Green  
and children of Woodrow, were follow-  
ed home by a brother. They thought  
they heard something following them  
but supposed it was a neighbor's dog,  
and they paid no mind. Just as they  
were going into their house, William  
VanBuren drove by in his automo-  
bile, and the lights of his car plainly  
showed the great cat crossed by the  
roadside. The vermont gave a great  
leap so it made off toward the forest  
and it was plainly seen as it crossed  
the road in the light by Mr Green.  
He was on his porch.

The next day Fred Galford brought  
his bear dogs to put on the tracks.  
However, they do say those bear fight-  
ing dogs evidenced but little interest.  
Mr Galford followed on but the snow  
had melted too fast.

A distinguished friend writes in  
as a fool; the fat on his rump cut full  
from the city to say that my load  
four inches. This was a big footed had gotten too great to bear in my  
bear; the measurements of his paw unequal contest with this wolf and  
thirteen inches long by eight broad  
panther business and that he was  
it was seen where this bear had kill  
and dragged three or four head of  
Norman Shaw's sheep into the woods  
Following up, wonder of wonders, a  
hunter came upon the bear at his  
feast. The bear raised to his hind  
legs and the man took a shot with a  
small bore rifle. Later it was ascer-  
tained the bullet plumb the brisket  
It apparently did little damage for  
the bear made off. The dogs then  
were put after him, but he paid the  
dogs little mind other than to run.  
He went by a stander who put him  
down and out with a bullet from a  
high power rifle.

Lanty Sharp came off Jericho-Road  
the other day with a tale about a big  
brown heron like bird with a wide  
stretch of wing and a voice like the  
croak of a raven. He said it was  
working strong on the little piping  
frogs in the Glade. I knew right off  
he was talking about a bittern, or  
brown heron.

Last Wednesday morning if you  
had happened to look close at the  
river there was a big flock of wild  
ducks making their living between  
the bridge and the mouth of Price  
Run. There were fifty or more of the  
little dickens, and they appeared to  
be having the best time. I presume  
they were feeding on the superabun-  
dance of perrywinkles or fresh water  
snail which now cover the rocks in  
this part of Greenbrier River. This  
black and white (males) wild duck  
has the local name of butter duck.  
The books list it as buffle head.

Along about dark and after if you  
will listen along these low grounds of  
Knapps Creek and Greenbrier River,  
you will hear an unseen bird say  
scape as it flies over. It is a wood  
cock talking to you. The other evening  
I was lucky and saw a full dozen  
against the sky as they flew over me.  
I heard others which I could not see.

Wm. Crigger was in town from the  
Beaver Lick fire tower when it rained  
last Thursday morning, and told a  
satisfying experience he had enjoyed  
in his look out the other morning.  
As he walked up the trail from home  
he noticed a lot of fresh deer sign,  
but saw nothing. After he had gotten  
settled in the tower and all was  
quiet, an old cock grouse burst out a  
drumming right below him; just over  
the ridge to a drain an old wild tur-  
key had to answer with low gobbling.  
This was the sign for two deer which  
had hidden when the man approached  
that they could safely move out, and  
one made off in one direction and the  
other went another. All of which  
goes to prove that a body does not see

everything to be seen when he walks  
through the woods.

Dec 21 - March 22  
slept  
"went to hole fat  
Ryder

J. O. Kellison was up from Jacob last Thursday. His catch of foxes this year was 23; thirteen reds and ten grays. He got one wild cat, but this was a big one—57 inches from tip. The book gives the average at thirty-six inches.

Uncle Bob Gibson was over from Elk on Saturday. He is an humble working churchman, who finds joy in religion and he works at it. He says it is no harm, but rather a good deed, to kill a bear on Sunday, and I hold with him. One reason is a bear kills sheep on Sunday as well as any other day.

Uncle Bob tells me the ramps are just a little the best flavored this season he has ever tasted. One reason, he says, is that the growth is thrifty on account of so much rain and that the lack of sun to tan them has made the bulbs so tender, sweet and mild.

Uncle Bob was counting up the sheep killed in about two weeks by the old Shavers Cheat Mountain big foot bear the other day that they know about, three for him, five for L. D. Sharp and five for Norman Shaw, and one for a widow lady. This bear had killed and piled up five sheep and was eating on them when found. This piling up of sheep is the sign of an old bear.

Uncle Bob said the only thing wrong about killing an old sheep stealing bear on Sunday or any other day is that immediately two other bears sprang spontaneously up to take his place. The reason for this is that when the boss of the range falls, other bears move in where the old big one had heretofore kept them out. The late Henry Gilmer used to tell the tale of killing the same old buck on a given ridge seven years in succession. The explanation was easy—when the monarch of the survey was gone, the good feeding ground was taken by the next buck in line, to hold until he was killed or an abler buck grew up.

#### The Bellied Buzzard

For several years past large numbers of buzzards have assembled each spring in March at the Roost on Jerico Flats, but have been notable by their absence so far this year, except one immense specimen was observed on March 15th. This leader wore a bell which could be heard faintly but distinctly. The bird was not seen again, or any other in the neighborhood, until the 6th of April, when a pair were seen gliding on moveless wings over the mountain.

It is thought possible that the failure of the buzzard to show here in numbers so late in the season is due to the unseasonable cold, or possibly the migrants not having gone far enough south last fall perished of cold and hunger in the unprecedented freezes of the winter, this variety of the vulture family not adapted to extreme cold.

Although of a sluggish nature, unlike the nobler birds of prey, and subsisting on carrion, the buzzard scrupulously exercises its flight power morning and evening in prolonged circling, instinctively knowing that if it lost the ability to fly it species would soon perish.

It is said that the Wright Brothers and other inventors of gliding air machines, studied attentively the flight of the buzzard, which is said not to be excelled by any other bird of land or sea.

—Powell + Tamm  
4/23/40

## THE FAIR - AUG 19 TO 24

### WHAT IS THE POCOHONTAS COUNTY FAIR?

The Fair is a graphic method of portraying what has been accomplished by the various agencies operating in Pocahontas County. It is a moving picture of the routine activities of our citizens and is made to show something of our industries, our occupations, and our social organizations—a representation of Pocahontas County people at work and play.

The Fair aims at the improvement of the County. Exhibitors and visitors from a distance bring advanced ideas and methods; our own citizens, by associating with each other and comparing exhibits are enabled to choose the best and to formulate plans for the improvement of the community, the farm, the home, the church and the school.

The Fair seeks to advertise Pocahontas County, not by overdrawing, but by giving strangers an opportunity to become acquainted with the county and its people.

The Fair registers changes. Instead of the great areas of worthless cutover lands which occupied so much of the county a few years ago, we have extensive parks at Seneca, Watoga and Droop Mountain. There is the National Forestry Service with a camp at Thornwood. The State Fish Hatchery on Stony Creek, three miles from the Fairgrounds, furnishes a supply of trout for the streams. The parks and National Forests are game refuges, insuring an abundant stock of wild game for our woods. These State and Federal agencies so recently come to Pocahontas, have entered wholeheartedly into the plans for the improvement of the county and are actively represented at the Fair.

Farm improvement in Pocahontas has been phenomenal. Those who saw the exhibits of livestock and farm crops at our early Fairs will note this improvement when they examine the exhibits this year. The Fair is one of the agencies responsible for these marked gains in potato development, methods of marketing and in quality of livestock and farm crops.

Public education is deemed an essential element of progress hence the schools have always held a place in the Pocahontas County Fair. The public school building, erected by the schools of the county, houses an educational exhibit that is unique in its quality and completeness. That education has been long nurtured by this mountain people is evidenced by the fact that among the first pioneers to die at the hands of Redmen in what is now Pocahontas County was a school teacher, slain on the river's bank, just above the cattle barn, and but a few rods outside the Fair-grounds.

The Fair is the Home Coming Season for Pocahontas. It is a time when we welcome back our friends and relatives. The automobile and our modern system of highways have aided in making Home Coming one of the most enjoyable features of our Fair.

And talking about pictures! No picture is complete without its frame. The setting of the Pocahontas County Fair is in keeping with its high aims. The site is that of old Fort Drinnen where the advancing pioneers from east of the mountains met with the Shawnees and Iroquois. Its beautiful meadow lands lie by the historic Greenbrier; it is rimmed around by by the forest clad hills and overlooked by the towering ranges of the western Alleghanies.

L. S. Gelger of Stony Bottom, brings in a bunch of potato seed pods. These potato berries are the first Mr Gelger ever saw; they are no new things to me, though we do not see them now as often as we used to years ago. There are quite a number of plants in Mr Gelger's patch of an acre and a quarter producing seed this year. The patch was planted in Irish cabbages, certified seed, and carefully sprayed. It is Mr Gelger's intention to cultivate some of the seed in the potato berries, and see what comes of it. You are liable to get most anything in the way of potato berries, and see what comes of it. You are liable to get most anything in the way of potatoes from the little seeds—mostly something no account. You plant the seeds in a pot in the fall and grow the plants in the house during the winter. The plants have each a tuber about the size of a pea, of most any shape and skin color. Pick out the small potatoes you think give promise of amounting to something and plant them out in the ground next spring. The scientific plant breeders at experimental stations are continually trying out potato seed. They do not go it blind, for they know what is needed in the way of strains of high quality potatoes of heavy yield with resistance to diseases. Their aim is to continue in one the good points of several varieties. They begin at the beginning by crossing two tried and true varieties by hand pollination. Thousands of the resulting plants are selected right off, and many more fall by the wayside.

In the rigid trying out process through the years of trial.

Speaking about potatoes, some weeks ago there was a note in this paper about potatoes persisting in a field many years between cultivations. Now, Warwick Ratliff comes forward with the news that he has potato plants persisting in a field for eighteen seasons. This year he is again cultivating the ground, and he has marked and fertilized the volunteers. He will report later as to yield.

Pocahontas-45

-Pocahontas Times

7/25/40

## GRAIN AND POTATO SHOW

The 1940 Grain and Potato Show for Pocahontas County held at Marlinton last Saturday was one of the largest and best in a long series. This annual event is sponsored by the Bank of Marlinton and the First National Bank, with J. A. Sydenstricker and A. H. McFerrin actively in charge as the committee of the Bunker Farmer Association.

While there may have been more entries in the potato classes, the entries were never before quite so good. This was also true of the small grain classes. The corn entries were numerous and the quality was excellent, though this rainy season has not been considered the best of corn years.

The farmers who have taken interest in this annual exhibit through the years have not only brought up

the quality and increased the yield of their crops through better farm practice, but they have perfected themselves in the art of preparing exhibits to show in the various classes.

There was a largely attended farmer's institute in connection with the Grain and Potato Show. The subject was sheep, and what could be done to bring back and excel the grade of lambs produced twenty years ago. In other lines of husbandry our farmers have gone up and onward; the quality of lambs produced has steadily gone down and backward. Among the speakers were Dr. C. W. Wilson, of the University, Milton Dolley, of Pendleton county, and Moffett Williams, of Marlinton.

These expert, successful sheep men agreed on the four cardinal points of breed, feed, shelter and parasites; these four and the greatest of these is food.

Now the fact was evident that those progressive farmers who were in attendance at the institute Saturday are producers of good quality lambs, and know from experience much what the experts were telling us. The value lies in the fact that they will be encouraged by the meeting to be disciples to influence short sighted neighbors from breeding from cull ewe lambs; from attempting to economize by short rations, and exposure to weather and parasites.

The big money crop of this Pocahontas County is sheep, and while years ago our lambs were tops and in demand, the quality has been allowed to go down grade so much the packers are complaining bitterly. They complain about lambs which are so big as to pass the bloom stage before marketing, and lambs so puny and small they never reach the bloom stage for best marketing and eating.

Anyway the Bunker Farmer Association, under the direction of John Sydenstricker and Hanley McFerrin, have set out to do for our main industry, sheep raising, what has been accomplished by the annual exhibit for grain, grass and potatoes, and this editor is volunteering to help all he can. Go and do thou likewise.

Pocahontas Times

11/14/40

# Pocahontas - 11

Publishes Book Of Verse -  
"The Versatile Mind" will be the title of the new volume of poetry to be published by the New York Publishing Service for Mrs Charlotte Mason Dickson of Second Creek. The contract for the publication was signed Tuesday. Mrs Dickson has written poetry for various papers and magazines, such as the West Virginia Review. She is the wife of Edgar F. Dickson, --Monroe Watchman.

— Pocahontas Times  
10/10/40

# THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.  
CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR  
THURSDAY JANUARY 30, 1941

1941 JANUARY 1941						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
			2	3	4	
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	

Every once in a while a letter comes, asking me to write what I know about the origin of local names in these mountains. If copy is scarce, I have no more sense than to attempt it.

Away up beyond the head of the Greenbrier River, is Gandy Creek, flowing to the north. This is a family name, from Uriah Gandy. Some time in the 1790's there was a court order by the then new county of Randolph directing Uriah Gandy to cut out the road toward Seneca.

Well, Seneca is Indian and I have been told it means the people who live in the shadow of the rock. I have also been told the word means dark or black. I know no better than to accept both interpretations, being as shadow and dark can have some what similar meaning. They also tell me there are a hundred ways to spell Seneca, and that all of them are right. Finally, my brethren seem to have taken the Greek way of spelling the word, and that is all right by me.

We have the Seneca Trail, known of old as the War Road or War Path, stretching from Seneca Lakes in New York to North Georgia. Federal Road Route 219 follows this ancient main north and south highway; proof of the Indian's knowledge of the lay of the land as well as the modern engineers.

The Senecas were the standing army of the Five Civilized Nations; later to be added to the Confederacy to make the Six Nations. They were the keepers of the great back door; I have heard it called the great black door. Anyway, this back door country was largely West Virginia. The Senecas held it against the Shawnees of the west and the Cherokee of the south.

Speaking about names, when a young tribe of the Five Nations wished to prove their prowess at arms by joining the Senecas—look the War path. I remember Cooper in the Historian to read, the Leather Stock and the trail is most interesting.

Upon the Alleghanies, a visitor

crossing buck. He

Up in Pennsylvania this week they killing deer by the tens of thousands.

About the time the Mingos moved from near Wheeling to the head of the Muskingum, there appeared all of a sudden one day in the Greenbank community several hundred Indians, men, women and children, with many horses and dogs. They said they were back from a season of hunting in the ancestral hunting grounds.

Along about 1838, when the Mingos sold out their Ohio lands, the local tradition is that the Williams River country filled up one day with hundreds of Indians—men, women and children, with many horses and dogs. They said they were back for a farewell bear hunt in their ancestral hunting grounds.

Shavers Mountain and Shavers Fork of Cheat River and Shavers Run are all named for Peter Shaver, a soldier of the American Revolution, who was killed by Indians at his home on Tygart Valley, River along about the year 1781.

Cheat River is any body's guess how come its name. There is false wheat, cheat, still to be found along its course. On Shavers Mountain, the moss covered stock rock still fool you by letting you suddenly down into pits covered by moss. It is still a surprise to the traveler to climb a couple thousand feet up from Greenbrier River to find another on the top of the mountain, flowing in the opposite direction. Some where I saw the name Cheantah. This the name of a mountain down Alabama way in the original Cherokee country. I have often wondered about these somewhat similar names so many hundred miles apart, but I never took the steps to check up on the matter through the experts in the Bureau of Ethnology down in Washington.

The Greenbrier was first named Ronceverte by the French explorers. It appears that ronce is brier and verte is green. The greenbriers still persists in thickets the length of this stream. I have always had an interest to know the names the French gave to the mountains and streams of this region which they claimed as a part of their New France. The ford in the Greenbrier near the present city of Ronceverte was called St Lawrence. An order entered by the County Court of Greenbrier in the 1780's deals with a road from Town to the St Lawrence Ford.

Speaking about French names naturally brings to mind Gauley River and Gauley Mountain. What would be more natural for French explorers to call this beautiful stream Gaule after the ancient name of France. Of course I have heard about the Scotch Irish pioneer hunter coming out on the rocky bluff above mouth of Meadow River and in his surprise at seeing a stream of such size, exclaiming, "Golly, what a river!" You know that sounds so much like so many of my own explanations of things I have no knowledge of, that I never put any faith in the tale.

Pocahontas

-3-

## THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlinton, W. Va.

Upon the Alleghanies, a visitor took a shot at a passing buck. He held too far back, and the deer went on with a bullet hole through his bread basket.

Up in Pennsylvania this week they are killing deer by the tens of thousands. Done and done.

...go is certainly Indian; from ...ga. That name is preserved up in New York State.

Watoga is Cherokee. They say it runs starry waters—the reflection of the stars in a limpid stream.

Cherry River is from the abundance of wild cherry trees on it, particularly at Cherry Tree Bottom, the present site of the city of Richwood.

Cranberry River is named from the abundance of wild cranberries growing in the bogs on the Glades on South Fork.

Charles mountain probably named after Charles Kennison, early settler, soldier of the Revolution and Indian fighter.

Days Run and Days Mountain from Charles Day, early settler and Indian fighter. One of the names for the fort at Millpoint was Days Fort.

As for Williams River, there is tradition that it was named after William Ewing, soldier of the Revolution; known as Swago Bill. He lived on lands now embraced in the Mc Clintic farms. He owned land on Williams River; the Nelson Moore lands. I think when he moved to Ohio in 1810, he sold his Williams River holdings for a rifle gun and a certain amount in "cut money." It appears that in the early days if change was needed to divide a half dollar and there were no quarters convenient, why the ever efficient settlers took the ever ready axe and cut the half dollar in two.

Knappy Creek was first Ewing Creek. John Ewing owned lands below Frost which he sold to Moses Moore. When the Marlinton survey was made for the Greenbrier Company of Colonel Lewis in 1751, the calls of the line from the low place on the mountain, near what is now Stillwell, to a corner near the present Mt. View Cemetery, passed over the Ewing house. Later the stream was called Naps Creek, after Nathaniel Gregory, who was murdered in his hunting camp somewhere around the present site of Westminister church.

Thomas Mountain and Peters Mountain, I have no record of how they were named. I do know that Michael Mountain bears the name of Michael Dougherty. He was a gentle man from Ireland, who left his home with his lady love, rather than continue his studies for the priesthood. He was a sportsman who walked in to kill his game with a hunting knife while his dogs were attracting the attention of the game. One sad day on Michael's Mountain poor Michael walked in on too big a bear. As the hunter struck his knife home the big brute struck back with a mighty paw. There was then a dead man as well as a dead bear. It has been Michael's Mountain ever since.

Mad Tom on the Alleghany is a ridge on which a poor slave boy got lost and went crazy.

The Mad Sheep on the Alleghany was called for sheep which were afflicted with rabies one season long ago.

Stephen Hole Run is called for Stephen Sewell, whom Colonel Andrew Lewis found at Marlins Bottom, now Marlinton, in 1751, with Jacob Martin. Sewell spent a winter soon after in the small cave at the head of the run. He was killed by Indians some years later on Big Sewell Mountain, farther down the Greenbrier. I do not remember ever being told where Sewell was killed.

I have never been in Stephens Hole. It is of such small bore I fit into it most too snugly for comfort. The story is the paymaster of a certain Ohio regiment stole the payroll when here for the Battle of Droop Mountain, and hid the money in Stephens Hole. I had heard the tale and paid little attention to it. Some years ago I read Claude Bowers' book, The Tragic Era. In writing up the carpetbag governor of a certain southern state, the writer says the said governor had been accused of absconding with the payroll of a certain Ohio regiment.

Elk River, Elk Mountain, Deer

Creek, Panther Run, Bear Run, Wild Cat Hollow, are self explanatory names; the same as Spruce Knob, Sugar (Tree) Creek, Spain Oak, White Oak, Laurel Creek, Laurel Run, Poplar Flats, Red Oak Flat, Spruce Flat, Brush Run, Pine Grove, etc.

The water of Tea Creek is the color of weak tea. The idea for years was this color was from leaves and roots of the trees—particularly spruce and hemlock. The geologists now tell us the sulphur in the coal deposits is chemical which gives color to the water. Red Creek and the several Red Runs have their sources up in the coal measures.

Back in the Gauley wilderness, you find names like John Fox writes about down in the Cumberlands. Big Blizzard, Little Blizzard, Big Rough, Little Rough, Fox Tree, Barren She, Tear Coat, Hateful, Hellward, Hell for Sartain, Skin Shin, Turkey Track, Camp Rock, Little Elbow, Middle Fork, Three Forks, Skinned Poplar, Horse Path, Bug Run are some that I recall off hand. We got these honest and natural by reason of the Hammons family moving into the big wilderness almost a century ago and staying there.

## THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1940

Last week was the big week of the year in Pocahontas County. The visitors came here by the thousands for the deer hunting. On an average, I would say, about one in twenty got a buck.

Practically every one of the visitors knew where they were going. They or their friends have been coming here for years, and they had camps or farm houses or hotels already picked to stay in; friends to go into the woods with, and familiar ground to hunt in.

I count that twenty dollars is about as little as one man can expect to get by with in the way of expense on a three day hunt away from home. This means the circulating of really a large sum of new money in this country—say thirty to forty thousand dollars. Whatever it is, the hundred or so deer the visiting hunters carried away sold for big money. This money was divided by farmers, hotel keepers, stores, gas stations, and what not.

A friend of mine from the lower waters of the Greenbrier has been coming here for the past five years. Every season he has seen deer but no bucks. This year the big deer of the moment have come by him, with antlers like a rocking chair. Hope long deserved made him nervous or something. The shot drew blood, but the deer went away from that place. It is just another case of hoping him better luck next time.

It was the last drive of the second day. Some standers had bunched around a fire, for the wind was raw. There was too much talk and too little attention to the business in hand. A man from the city looked around and bellowed "Great day, look there!" This was all the signal the big buck needed to high ball the jack away from that place. Of course a dozen bullets cut through the brush where the deer had been, but every one of them too late lead messengers were ineffective.

Up on the Alleghanies, a visitor took a shot at a passing buck. He held too far back, and the deer went on with a bullet hole through his bread basket. The stranger was no hand at tracking, so Attorney J. E. Buckley was called in on the case. He followed the sign as fast as he could walk by an occasional blood smear on the brush. After a while the deer broke out again, but the cover was too thick to see for a shot. Following on a ways, Mr. Buckley knew the proper thing to do was to look up the exact place the deer had broken out the last time. If it was merely a superficial wound the deer would have been standing, and there would be little use to trail farther. If he had been severely hit, he would have lain down and that would be an encouragement to keep on hunting. Getting near the place, Mr. Buckley saw the deer behind some brush, looking out at him. It had circled and come back. Every hair was turned the wrong way and the animal was the very picture of rage and fury. He would have fought before he ran this time. One well placed shot put the deer down and out. He carried a magnificent head.

Adam Pennell, of Marlinton, is a lone wolf when it comes to hunting. He ranges the Buckley Mountain. On Tuesday, he got as far as the Messer place, to look up a big deer he knew had been keeping there all summer. Over on the Cummings Creek side he put up his deer. I noted three big holes in that deer's hide from well placed punkin balls out of a shot gun. It was quite a chore for one man to bring this 175 pound buck the five miles into home. The antlers, while not overly large, were symmetrical and uniform, carrying four points to the beam.

Miss Genevieve Yeager was the lady to get her deer in Pocahontas County this year. It was an eight pointer, four snags to the beam. She hunted with the Ruckmans on Alleghany Mountain.

No accidents from fire arms are reported in Pocahontas County this year. This is a blessing for which we all are deeply grateful. One hunter, Gordon Sanford, of Rainelle, was struck by a train near Cloverlick, and died some hours later from the injuries.

Up in Pennsylvania this week they are killing deer by the tens of thousands. Does and bucks with branched antlers are legal game this season. Spike bucks and fawns are on the protected list. Up there the deer are eating themselves out of house and home; the range is no longer sufficient to keep the stock of deer. At the rate deer are now increasing in West Virginia, the time will come when the range will not support the deer. This is a good many years ahead on account of the present number of our deer and the richness of our range. When that time does come, the Conservation people have considered the means to meet the situation. The season will be opened on does, and the season will be earlier and longer. Just now, they hold us to a late season to allow time for mating before butchering the bucks.

A tale comes out of the deer woods of a party of hunters having considerable of a scramble in a laurel patch. They went to look and came on a big wild cat with a four snag, eight point buck deer down and biting on his neck. They shot the lynx and another bullet put the deer out of his misery.

I hear tell of a hunter killing a muley or dehorned buck. For antlers, there were nubs, an inch or so long. He brought his venison in for checking and it made trouble. The law has specifications calling for branched antlers. Naturally, the question arises in my suspicious mind how come the hunter to know he was shooting at a buck in the first place.

Down on Pyles Mountain a hunter on the first day crossed no less than a dozen big buck tracks, all heading toward the game sanctuary, which is the Watoga State Park.

The big deer of the State fell to the gun of H. J. Widney, of Frank. He killed it on Shavers Cheat, near Wildell. The weight was three hundred and fifty pounds, (hog dressed). The antlers were a wonderful rack. Nine points on one beam and ten on the other.

Most anything can come out of these woods. Witness, the nineteen point antlers which are the trophy of young Mr. Widney, of Frank. Along about fifty years ago the late Brown Galford, of Back Alleghany shot a deer at the Deadwater of Williams River, which also carried a head of twenty points, not counting the little nubs usually found at the base of the beams.

The kill of bucks in Seneca Forest was considerably off from former season. Eighteen was the number; less than half of last year. The number of hunters checked in was over 600 for the first day; over 500 for the second day and over 300 for the third—about 1500 in all. This compares with over 900 for the first day last year. I say there is safety for the deer in numbers. I am always wanting to strike an average. This is about one deer to every one hundred hunters. On the outside of the Seneca State Forest the average was as usual one deer to about forty hunters.

It sounds like a lie to me, but the tale comes out of the woods, that a visitor came on to a native standing at a likely crossing place for deer. The usual inquiry was made about seeing deer. The stander had a fancy, exciting tale about a powerful big buck coming through, at-easy range; he took a couple of shots and never cut a hair. While the narrator was in the midst of his eloquent recounting of his bad luck, the drivers came up. They took the man's word for it and proceeded to cut off his shirt tail. Then they looked for sign. There had not been a big deer through that crossing in a week.

## Timber Wolf

It can now be stated definitely that the varment which has been killing sheep by wholesale on Elk is a timber wolf. On Monday about forty men and a big pack of dogs went hunting for the varment on Middle Mountain. They routed him out and he struck out for Gauley Mountain. Howard Beale was waiting at the place the varmint had crossed Elk River in former chases. The animal came in full view of Mr Beale and he took three or four shots at it with a shot gun at long range. He drew blood but failed to knock it down. It went back to Middle Mountain and the dogs were not able to route it out again.

This wolf is a big able animal, with a bushy tail, curled at the end. It is gray in color, and looks as though it might weigh as much as a hundred pounds.

The question now is where this wolf came from. The last timber wolf in this region was killed by Stopher Hamrick forty years ago.

For over a year the wolf has been raiding the sheep flocks on Big Spring and Dry Branch of Elk. More than two hundred head of sheep has it killed. The last kill was on Saturday night out of L. D. Sharp's flock on the railroad near Slaty Fork.

100  
40 yrs. ago  
200 sheep

- Pocahontas

## Pocahontas Chapter 3

Timber Writs

It can now be stated definitely that the varmint which has been killing sheep by wholesale on Big Bear Mountain is a timber wolf. On Monday about four men and a big pack of dogs went hunting for the varmint on Middle Mountain. They routed him out and he struck out for Gauley Mountain. Howard Beale was walking at the place the varmint had crossed the River in former chase. The animal came in full view of Mr. Beale and he took three or four shots at it with a shot gun at long range. He drew blood but failed to knock it down. It went back to Middle Mountain and the dogs were not able to track it out again.

This wolf is a big, strong animal, with a bushy tail, curved at the end. It is gray in color, and looks as though it might weigh as much as a hundred pounds.

The question now is where this wolf came from. The last timber wolf in this region was killed by Superstition Hamrick forty years ago.

For over a year the wolf has been raiding the sheep flocks on Big Spring and Dry Branch of Elk. More than two hundred head of sheep has it killed. The last kill was on Saturday night out of L. D. Sharp's flock on the railroad near Slab Fork.

- Pocahontas Times

2/15/40

# BOTANY

So sorry you were unable to get up to the herbarium while you were here. I would like to have shown you around. Since you didn't get down on the Greenbrier to Greenbrier County last fall, Harper M. here I thought you might want to see some across some bushes full of

## WOLVES IN WEST VIRGINIA?

More credence would be placed in those tall stories of ferocious stock killing animals which are alleged to frequent mountain recesses of West Virginia, if they were seen and not heard about.

Periodically come stories of a panther or pack of them of them molesting stock in some remote part of the State. The only evidence that such a creature still roams our wilds is a track resembling the pad of a panther. Pretty flimsy identification, but the evidence becomes conclusive after the imagination works on it for a few days.

The most recent yarn of this sort comes from Pocahontas county where it is reported that a pack of wolves is roaming the ranges in Slaty Fork and Mingo Knob slaughtering sheep and deer.

There is doubt if a wolf has been in this part of the country since the Civil War. In the first place there never were many of them this far south and those that did infest West Virginia's mountains were quickly exterminated with the development of the State far in the last century, or moved north where they belonged.

It is great Mumba Tumba Malcolm Brice who thus in his Wheeling Register speaks words of doubt to full apprehension of lowlanders that their brethren of the scattered hill tribes of the upper reaches of the Monongahela, Greenbrier, Elk James, Potomac and Gauley are once again exposed to ravages of wild and ferocious beasts of prey. As chief head hunter of the unwashed tribes of the northern panhandle he sits in his attic among the naked hills beside the now turgid flow of the once beautiful Ohio, the very air poisoned by the acrid fumes of factory smoke, he would dismiss with a rattle of his typewriter the possibility of such vermin as wolves and panthers again infesting the secluded environs of the more favored portions of this fair State of West Virginia. Would that he were a good fairy to wave a wand to rid these woods of the fierce predators which are devastating farm flocks and depopulating the wild deer herds; or a saint like unto the good Patrick whom he banished forever frogs and snakes from the old sod which is Ireland. Woe are we that the thinking of the great Mumba Tumba is no more lucid than the now muddy flow of the now beautiful river, as acrid as its now polluted water, and as hazy as the smoky atmosphere of his over populated area. In the face of all but evidence I have been able to procure, short of the actual hide and scarp of the presence in these mountains of the prowling panthers and of the roaming wolves, to be not like the fool of scripture, flying about in the full fury of the noon day sun and saying what is it?

Is M T denying the scripture saying that out of the mouths of two is truth established? For I can give off hand the names of a score of good men and true who have seen in recent years with their own eyes panthers in these endless mountains, by themselves and with others. Can not his smoke tanned senses not give consideration to the testimony of the five members of the official board of the Pocahontas County Farm Loan Association, as they, in the presence of each other, saw a great tawny, two hundred pound mountain lion break from cover as the official board, in their official duty of making an appraisal upon a grazing farm in the pleasant vale of the Little Laurel of Williams River, came upon the verment unawares?

What about testimony by three young scientists from the Biological Survey, taking census of the animal life of the Monongahela National Forest? They came upon the pugs of a great cat in a mud hole on Middle Mountain at the head of the Greenbrier. Being equipped for such finds they found plaster of paris in the tracks. The casts were submitted to the savants in the captain's office at Washington, than whom none are savanter. These in their wisdom and experience pronounced the casts to be the preserved tracks of a mountain lion. Will B T in all his billiousness say them nay, you are mistaken?

As for the gray timber wolves they again present a source of trouble to our people, regardless of doubt expressed by bumptious agnostics. Just last month across the imaginary line which divides the two states on the crest of the Alleghany in the adjoining county of Bath a big wolf was killed, and his carcass positively identified by scientists as that of a gray timber wolf. Up in Preston county a wolf was killed on Stony River, and Dr A. M. Reese is now negotiating for the hide as an exhibit in his museum of natural history at the university. On Red Creek, in Tucker county, there is a whole pack. On Shavers Mountain in Pocahontas and Randolph counties, there is an other pack of wolves. Their inroads on the deer herds are so heavy, the tracks of small deer are seldom seen in the Great Wilderness country.

Over on the Middle Mountain of Elk and the Mingo Knob there are three wolves. The big one, an old she, has been seen by a half dozen good men; she has been shot at on two separate occasions and her kill of sheep has averaged five a week for a year. Once she attacked a two year old heifer and bit her neck badly before being run off by the big cattle.

an after 3

## Pocahontas Chapter 3

Belittling our traditions of the wolf packs of these mountains makes one peevish. Our unwritten literature dealt much with the number and fierceness of wolves. Men yet in the prime of life remember as children the necessity of penning the sheep near the house each night. The man Stephen Hamrick, who shot the last wolf here forty years ago, is still with us. A prominent citizen well remembers the fuss made over him by the family when his father shot at a wolf as it looked over a log at the boy

asleep on a pile of leaves. The father is still with us and able to hunt.

We have always maintained the gray wolves of this mountain region were bigger and fiercer than the common run of wolves in this latitude. Our elevation gives us a Canadian climate, and the deer herds furnished plenty for them to grow big on.

Not much was ever said about it, but it was intimated that during the four years of the war between the States, the wolves acquired a taste for human flesh. Many a man was murdered in the woods through the practice of the neighborly art of bushwhacking. Any way I have personal knowledge of a few men and boys at tacked by wolves along in the 1880's, and others who got up trees in time

For the information of the lowlander I will say that strychnine broke the rule of the wolves in these mountains along in the 1870's. There was a remnant, educated against poison and snare. When deer became scarce the wolves disappeared. They may have moved north where they belong.

Anyway, the wolves are back, and it was a sorry day when they returned. Where they have come from it is not possible to guess, but the report persists that a pack crossed on the ice from Canada into Pennsylvania the winter of 1938. I heard of two wolves being killed in Elk county Pennsylvania, last year.

Pocahontas  
Times

14/4/40

Down on the Greenbrier in Greenbrier County last fall, Harper M. Smith came across some bushes full of soft shell nuts. here. I would like to have shown you around. Since you didn't get muchado near Delighted I am over world recognition of the botany publications of the University. I am reminded

# Pachontee — Chapter 3

## Timber Wolf Killed in Bath County

From the Roanoke (Va.) Times

A gray timber wolf which has been killing sheep in Bath county for two years fell dead before two high-powered rifle bullets high up in the mountains 10 miles north of Warm Springs, Thursday and its carcass to be mounted for a wealthy sportsman, attracted wide attention in Salem.

X } There is an interesting story behind the killing of this beautiful but blood thirsty creature which, according to William Hite, Bath county game warden, must have killed over 100 sheep and many deer.

Seventeen hunters, Bath county farmers, set out Thursday morning under Hite to track down the wolf. Snow covered the ground and the animal could be tracked easily. The party found the carcasses of 13 deer which the wolf had killed, two or three of them just a few days previous.

"One of these deer must have been killed within 40 steps after it was attacked by the wolf," Hite relates. "It was the most destructive animal I have ever had in my county." He has been game warden 17 years.

The party went up near a valley in Back Creek Mountain where the wolf was known to stay. Five of the men with dogs started through the valley to drive out the wolf, the others scattered around the territory to lay wait for him.

Suddenly the dogs took up the wolf's trail. A few minutes later he was routed and one of the party, Francis Laptrap shot him under the jaw with a high-powered rifle.

Still the wolf fought on. He was chased two miles before he came up on one of the stationed men, C. C. Hedges, who finally killed the animal with a bullet through the body just behind the shoulders.

The game warden gives credit to two things in killing the wolf since several previous attempts had failed. It even got so bad that the farmers were going out whenever they had a few hours to spare looking for him.

One, dogs were used for the first time. Second, as the game warden kidded, a \$25 bounty was placed on the killer.

The wolf, described by the game warden as a "gray timber wolf, attracted considerable attention as it lay on the sidewalk in front of the Hotel Fort Lewis in Salem. The game warden, who came to Salem to confer with a forestry service supervisor, brought it with him.

He says that the \$25 bounty is to be divided among the men. The wolf was bought from the party by Kenneth E. Ellis, Hot Springs. The game warden said that he plans to take it by a Covington taxidermist on his way home.

The wolf was known throughout the countryside as "Old Lobo," a name pinned on him by the game warden, because the killer had one of the characteristics of the Lobo wolf, a species that lives and hunts alone.

Long before the wolf was ever spotted the game warden said that he was confident that it was a wolf and not a dog. He explains that when a wolf kills it takes the lungs, liver and heart. When a dog kills it eats the meat back of the shoulders.

✓ ✓ — *Markinton Journal*

2/22/40

Feb 40

## BOTANY

Down on the Greenbrier in Greenbrier County last fall, Harper M. Smith came across some bushes full of soft shell nuts about the size of Elberta. New to him, we sent specimens over to Dr. Earle L. Core, of the Department of Botany, at the University. He writes back they are of the buffalo nut, *Pyrrularia pubera*. I plants of the State. We now have 60,000 specimens filed away here, representing virtually all the fungi, chens, mosses, liverworts, ferns, and seed plants found in West Virginia, and, of course, many specimens of some of them. In addition, we have a specimen of almost every plant found in the range of Gray's Manual, the northeastern part of the United States; a large collection made by Dr Small in the southeastern states, and listed in his big manual of that region; and the most common of the plants of the western states and Canada.

Over at Anthony's Creek some seasons ago a citizen killed a wild duck. In it he found a grain of "duck wheat." He planted it, and the season of 1939 he had a good crop. Some seed was brought to this printing office, and I sent it in to Dr. Core for identification. He writes back he is not so far able to give any information beyond the statement the seeds belong to some plant in the buckwheat family. No plants being available this time of year, he is raising some; he will be able to tell us before long. They are already showing above the ground.

Some months back, I published a letter from Dr. Core, in which he told of a visit to these mountains a century ago of Dr. Asa Gray, the tall-sycamore in botany. He reported finding the yellow gentian on Knapp Creek. It had not since been reported from here and Dr. Core wanted a specimen. Dr. Ben Roller, of White Sulphur Springs, saw the place, and was reminded he had seen yellow gentian in Greenbrier County; so he sent in a specimen.

Dr. Core continues: Thanks a lot for the editorial on the University. It has caused a great deal of comment around here. I enjoyed it very much; especially the last paragraph where you say the more you are thrown with college professors the more highly you regard country school teachers. I take that as a compliment, because I am a country school teacher, since I teach botany which has to be taught in the country. I have taught in a one-room country school house, and I am still here at present in the open country twelve miles west of the University, on State 7. Doesn't that make me a country school teacher?

So sorry you were unable to get up to the herbarium while you were here. I would like to have shown you around. Since you didn't get here I thought you might like a few notes concerning our activities.

The herbarium was founded as a service to the people of the State so as to make comparisons in identification of the materials sent in and for the collection of information regarding the plants of the State. We now have

60,000 specimens filed away here, representing virtually all the fungi, chens, mosses, liverworts, ferns, and seed plants found in West Virginia, and, of course, many specimens of

some of them. In addition, we have a specimen of almost every plant found in the range of Gray's Manual, the northeastern part of the United States; a large collection made by Dr Small in the southeastern states, and listed in his big manual of that region; and the most common of the plants of the western states and Canada.

I am teaching Dendrology in our new Forestry Division and the Herbarium has been fortunate in having been designated as one of the 15 in the country to receive a complete set of specimens representing all the forest trees in the United States, the sets being prepared and distributed by the New York State College of Forestry. They are of great value in our Forestry work.

I must tell you about our publications. You already know about *Castanea*. In exchange for this periodical we receive about 100 botanical journals from all over the world. We are also publishing a series called "Contributions from the Herbarium of West Virginia University." Fif

teen numbers in this series have been

published or are in preparation. One

of them, on the botanical explorations

of West Virginia, I thought might

prove of interest to you and so I am

sending a copy of it under separate

cover.

Best wishes for a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Sincerely,  
Earl.

I must say to Dr. Core, I am no hand to find joy in visiting my own feeble jests. However, in the cause of science I will expose the weak comment on the college professors since it now appears to be somewhat involved. The key verse is that bit of scriptural truth, "By their fruits you shall know them." Nearly all the college professors of my acquaintance are country bred and the product of country schools, where taste for culture was imbued from and cultivated by country teachers. This interpretation and explanation ought to be within mental grasp of even a college professor, as high compliment to his producer and his product.

Delighted I am over world recognition of the botany publications of the University. I am reminded of the machado over nothing in the legislature a few years ago, wherein our school got its usual smear of adverse publicity. The asking for buying technical publications was sum about five times as large as the big northern university spent for this purpose. Some smarties found this out and how they did romp around on it until explained the big school had publications to exchange the world over for the books and papers our University had to buy, if obtained. The facts of the situation never overtook the widespread intimation of things not being on the level up at Morgantown.

At the same time and place, there was the mixup over the one by one grape sticks for the experimental farm. The asking was for red wood, at a cost higher than the local market on oak or chestnut sticks. What a tempest raged in the teapot over this until it was explained this was part of a nation wide demonstration carried on by land grant colleges to ascertain the relative values of different woods for grape sticks for the information of grape growers.

The moral to all this is that it behoves every mother's son of us to inform ourselves about our University, so we can inform others. We have the old thing; we can't get rid of it and so we will have to make the most of it, to serve better the interest of our state and humanity in general.

Dear Mr. Price:

When we read your Field Notes, it recalled an incident, which coincides with your reference to bears killing coons. Heretofore we have refrained from disclosing our experience to any one because it did seem far fetched.

In 1933 we were hunting near the head of Mill Creek in Randolph County when we were stopped suddenly by a strange noise. After a careful investigation we discovered a bear under a large beech tree. We stood still in order to ascertain the source of the noise, whereupon we saw another bear up in the tree shaking a limb and on the limb was a full grown coon. The coon was making quite a fuss which had been the noise attracting our attention. The bear finally shook the coon off the limb and as he hit the ground the other bear made a desperate effort to catch him but failed. The only thing we could figure it was a trick formulated by the two bears for catching coons.

We were unsuccessful in getting either bear since we were so amazed by the sight we had seen.

Two of Your Readers.

# Pocahontas

## Chapter 3

Clark Wooddell shot and killed the wild dog, coyote or what it is which has been denning up under a hay stack on Judge Sharp's farm near Hillsboro. On last Wednesday Will Clutter brought the carcass to town, and Marvin Wimer has the skin in soak, preparatory to mounting it. For some time the animal has been known to keep in the Levels; dozens of shots have been taken at it, and dogs have run it out of the country. The color was a dark brindle, with a bushy tail; weight about 30 pounds. It was a male and about seven or eight years old. The neck was remarkably thick and strong for so small an animal; head and jaws heavy; muzzle gray from age. Lacking the erect ears and pointed nose of the coyote, I put the varment down as a dog which went wild. Mr Wooddell tells me the animal looked much more like a dog when it was dead than when it was alive.

Speaking about wild dogs, Uncle B'b Gibson was over from Elk last Wednesday, and he told me about a wild dog his grandfather, the late David Gibson tamed seventy or eighty years ago. This wild dog was found to be denning up under a hay stack. Snares were set, and the wild dog was caught. For some time the animal remained aloof from all advances, but it finally responded to kindness and through the influence of the other dogs. The wild dog was a female and showed gray hound blood to a marked degree. She proved the best of hunters and was a bear-dog without a peer. She would chase a bear without giving voice and was a natural heeler. She would nip a bear until he could stand the punishment no longer and must turn and fight his tormentor. Then she would stand aside until the bear made off again, and then she was nipping his heels again.

Talking about bears, one powerful big old bear is wandering the winter through on the Alleghany around the head of Meadow Creek. One day last week Ira King and others gave him an all day chase in the snow. Evidently being chased by dogs was no new thing for this bear, for it was a running fight all day long. He would neither go up a tree nor stand and fight long enough for the men to come up. Mr King and their experienced bear hunters say this bear leaves the biggest track they have ever seen.

36#

-Pocahontas  
Tues

1/11/40

D. - 7

# Pacobontas

## Chapter 3

### FIELD NOTES

On last Wednesday morning June Mann and other workers on a log skidder on Middle Mountain of Elk got a good look at a big wolf. The varmint was seen near the log pile and only moved off when June called to other members of the crew to see what he was looking at. He tells me the wolf looked like a German pointer dog, only taller, longer and more slender. The tail was bushy, and a big white streak extended over its back. The wolf looked big enough to weigh eighty or more pounds. For a year or more a wolf or rather wolves have been killing sheep on the head branches of the Elk.

SD+

James A. Sharp, from Jericho road, was in Saturday afternoon, and told me about trailing a wolf in Buckley Mountain some fifty odd years ago. A big wolf had killed a sheep for the late Andrew McLaughlin. The neighborhood combined in the hunt, and the wolf whipped out the hounds. The hunt was quit at dark on a ridge overlooking the town. Word was sent to Mr. Sharp to bring his hounds the next morning. He took the trail of the wolf at daylight and followed it all day in Buckley Mountain. Late in the day the wolf crossed Knaps Creek, near Mt. View Cemetery. That night it killed a sheep at Mt. View Orchard on Marlin Mountain. The next day the Thorny Creek people put dogs on the trail for an all day chase. That night the wolf killed a sheep for Amos Dilley. Poison was put in the carcass and the next night the wolf came back to his kill. It was his last meal, for he died in the fence a few yards away.

3 poison  
wolf

- Pacobontas Times  
3/21/40

# THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY DECEMBER 5, 1940

The census of 1840 gave Pocahontas county a population of 2922. Of these 2703 were white and 219 colored. The returns on the 1940 census are not by me as I write, but the total is around 14,000; about five fold increase in a century, with the ratio between the races remaining about the same.

In 1840 there were in Pocahontas County 7,000 head of cattle, 10,000 sheep and 5,000 hogs, according to the census.

According to the assessor's returns for 1940, there were in Pocahontas county on January 1, cattle, 10,964; sheep, 29,549; and hogs, 3101.

For further comparison, I happen to know the assessor's returns for the year 1918—cattle, 11,446; sheep, 28,159; swine 4,446.

There is something alarming in the figures for the two years, 1840 and 1940, when you take in consideration that the future of this Pocahontas county rests upon the production of livestock. A century ago, three thousand people had seven thousand head of cattle; now fourteen thousand people have eleven thousand cattle. We have made a little progress in sheep. The increase here has been three fold as compared with five fold for people.

One reason the sparsely settled county of Pocahontas had such large herds and flocks a century ago may be in the history of the western range. Then the great plains supported millions of heads of buffalo, and there was no competition with the east in the production of livestock. No property interest was represented in the buffalo, and they fell before the guns of the hide hunters. The range was left for cattle. Economists have pointed out time and again that if the vast herds of buffalo had been preserved there would have been no room for settlers in the west. Where a million head of buffalo traveled up or down through a strip of country, the ground was bars of grass. These animals multiplied so, starvation was the only thing to set the limit.

The real sufferers from the extinction of the buffalo lived in Pocahontas and similar counties of the east. They never knew what hurt them. With the buffalo gone, the raising of wild cattle came into existence. This cheap beef hit the eastern stock grower a bad blow which about put him out of business. On the range cattle roamed with little more care than is given wild animals. The only owner by a breed.

In the east cattle were raised by the sweat of the brow, on high cost and high taxed land. In the west, with the buffalo gone, there was hardly end to possibilities of the number of wild cattle. There would be two roundups a year, in the spring to brand the calves; in the fall to cut out beef cattle for market. It is no wonder the east was forced out of the cattle business when came the competition of the boundless west.

As example of what is possible in wild cattle take the treeless plains of South America. In the 1550's a bull and seven cows were brought from Spain. From these sprang the millions and millions of wild cattle of the South American pampas. Except for the buffalo, the same condition would have prevailed in North America. There never was a time when the wild cattle of South America did not yield readily to domestication. For many generations they were hunted for their hides alone, as was the buffalo of the north. However, whenever it was considered worth while to corral wild cattle, it was found that in a short time they become accustomed to the control of man.

Australia and New Zealand had the same experience with range cattle. It is small wonder that beef from the west and the south and down under made the eastern cattle raiser live hard. But this eastern American is a thrifty soul. Those who stayed at home depended upon a diversity of crops, and the others went west to engage in the cattle business.

Back in the 1870's, Editor Horace Greeley uttered some careless words which became a slogan: "Go west young man, grow up with the country". Millions acted upon his advice and when they went they went to stay. The result is a rich and populous west. The conditions in the west are more nearly approaching those in the east each year and so the handicap under which the eastern cattle man has labored for three generations is growing lighter.

When the waves of buffalo receded from the western plains, the steer advanced. Soon they had replaced the buffalo. Then the Pocahontas county stockman found himself up against it. He could not even turn to the production of butter and cheese, as the cattlemen of New York and other states did. In those days nothing could be marketed from Pocahontas which could not walk out on its own feet to the rail head. The way out in these blue grass valleys was found. By taking care a domesticated animal could be raised that commanded a far better price than the range cattle of the west. They set about to improve the breed. Thus export cattle were produced which brought a living for the care expended.

*Pocahontas - 7*

Let me here interline the remark that about a quarter of a century back changes began to come about in the economic scheme of world affairs, and the demand for big export cattle declined and went out. It marked decline in the quality of our cattle, so carefully and laboriously brought up to such high standard of excellence in the two generations following the war between the states.

In Tuckahoe Virginia, where the winters are mild, there persisted the practice of raising unimproved cattle. The penny royal bull of the old days was a term of reproach to grazing countries, and referred to the class of cattle found in the flat lands of Eastern Virginia. Another term I have

not heard in years was a four old yearling, meaning a steer four years of age and the size of a yearling. Another illustration of the cheap cattle of the lowlands was that a steer was so small that he could be salted in his horns.

The existence of low grade Tuckahoe cattle was a constant menace to the breeders of the mountain valleys of the Shenandoah, Greenbrier, Potomac and Tygarts. The pennyroyal bull became much dreaded and feared. Cattle seemed to be peculiar among animals in that they breed true to the sire and not to the dam. So it can be seen the aversion to the pennyroyal bull was well founded. The passes of the mountains were well watched to keep him on his side of the divide. A bunch of sinewy steers could be driven to the grass in the highlands without causing concern. If there were bulls and heifers in the bunch, the close watch was kept on the herds, so the interlopers could be worked out of the country by moral suasion and other lawful means.

The English custom was firmly fixed here—that of seeing families with one cow or more, who made no pretension to herds, were given opportunity to raise purebred stock.

The four year old export steer was the sacred ox in these mountains; held sacred to the purpose for which he was created; and went to the large city market for beef. So far as I know, there never was a standard four year old steer butchered and eaten in Pocahontas county. Tradition has it, a peculiar man in Greenbrier county, deciding that the best was as good as any, butchered a couple of export steers for the home market. He liked to have ruined his business, for his customers ever after demanded the kind of beef he furnished while these export steers lasted.

The last generation has seen a decided change for the worse in the quality of our cattle. The big demand is for stocker cattle—calves, yearlings, and two year olds, to be fed out for beef in corn raising counties. A lot of milk stock has been brought in. Every housewife demands one or more Jerseys, Holsteins or Guernseys at the milk gap for home supply and weekly shipments of cans of cream. Dairies have come to supply town people with their daily milk. In most every bunch of cattle can be seen the slim hips which denote milk stock. The hired man goes about the milking as a matter of course. Men have grown to maturity who never heard the boisterous defy song of the old timers, one verse of which went something like this:

They can't set me down to no three  
legg'd stool,  
With a painted milk bucket at knee,  
What, do they think I'm that kind  
of a fool!

They can't make a milker of me!

By the way a painted bucket was a wooden factory made one, bought at the store. The term painted was applied to differentiate between the heavier, more lubberly bucket made by some handy man in the community. I have not heard the term in years, now I come to think about it.

I see now I have once again started to write something hard to stop in allocated space. To make as neat a landing as possible, let me say that our town has survived and prospered during the late depression on the million dollar annual income of Pocahontas county farmers, mostly derived from live stock. Each and every one of us has a stake in the expansion of livestock industry, through better breeding and better care of cattle and sheep on these everlasting hills. Much can be learned from the experience of the old time stockman, who came up from disaster by producing a better steer when the cheap beef from wild cattle from the western plains flooded the market. What grandpa did to save his business, we can do to improve ours. Dr. Wilson up at the University Farm, says the solution of our live stock problems lies in the breed, care and feed. There three, but the greatest of these is feed.

So we say to all those who follow the track of a steer it looks like good times are coming back to the cattle business, and that right soon. In fact the best I had in mind when I started to write was the news that George Cason Herd topped the Baltic meat market with a couple of yearlings of three year old steers, 1300 pounds and better, to set him around \$150 a hundred weight.

# THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1940

The census of 1840 gave Pocahontas county a population of 2922. Of these 2703 were white and 219 colored. The returns on the 1940 census are not by me as I write, but the total is around 14,000; about five fold increase in a century, with the ratio between the races remaining about the same.

In 1840 there were in Pocahontas County 7,000 head of cattle, 10,000 sheep and 5,000 hogs, according to the census.

According to the assessor's returns for 1940, there were in Pocahontas county on January 1, cattle, 10,964; sheep, 29,549; and hogs, 3101.

For further comparison, I happen to know the assessor's returns for the year 1918—cattle, 11,446; sheep, 28,159; swine 4,446.

There is someth-

sheep and 5 000 hogs, according to the census.

According to the assessor's returns for 1940, there were in Pocahontas county on January 1, cattle, 10,964; sheep, 29,549; and hogs, 3101.

For further comparison, I happen to know the assessor's returns for the year 1918—cattle, 11,446; sheep; 28,159; swine 4 446.

There is something alarming in the figures for the two years, 1840 and 1940, when you take in consideration that the future of this Pocahontas county rests upon the production of livestock. A century ago, three thousand people had seven thousand head of cattle; now fourteen thousand people have eleven thousand cattle. We have made a little progress in sheep. The increase here has been three fold as compared with five fold for people.

One reason the sparsely settled county of Pocahontas had such large herds and flocks a century ago may be in the history of the western range. Then the great plains supported millions of heads of buffalo, and there was no competition with the east in the production of livestock. No property interest was represented in the buffalo, and they fell before the guns of the hide hunters. The range was left for cattle. Economists have pointed out time and again that if the vast herds of buffalo had been preserved there would have been no room for settlers in the west. Where a million head of buffalo traveled up or down through a strip of country the ground was bare.

millions a  
of the Sou  
cept for th  
tion would  
America.  
when the  
ca did not  
tion. Fo  
were hunt  
was the b  
ever, wh  
worth whi  
was found  
become acc  
man.

Austral  
same exp  
It is small  
west and t  
made the e  
hard. But  
a thrifly so  
home depen  
crops, and  
engage in t

Back in t  
Greeley utt  
which beca  
young man,  
try" Mill  
and when th  
the result is  
The conditi  
nearly appro  
each year an  
which the ea  
bored for thr  
ing lighter.

When the  
from the wes

thousand people had seven thousand head of cattle; now fourteen thousand people have eleven thousand cattle. We have made a little progress in sheep. The increase here has been three fold as compared with five fold for people.

One reason the sparsely settled county of Pocahontas had such large herds and flocks a century ago may be in the history of the western range. Then the great plains supported millions of heads of buffalo, and there was no competition with the east in the production of livestock. No property interest was represented in the buffalo, and they fell before the guns of the hide hunters. The range was left for cattle. Economists have pointed out time and again that if the vast herds of buffalo had been preserved there would have been no room for settlers in the west. Where a million head of buffalo traveled up or down through a strip of country, the ground was bare of grass. These animals multiplied so, starvation was the only thing to set the limit.

The real sufferers from the extinction of the buffalo lived in Pocahontas and similar counties of the east. They never knew what hurt them. With the buffalo gone, the raising of wild cattle came into existence. This cheap beef hit the eastern stock grower a bad blow which about put him out of business. On the range cattle matured with little more care than is given wild animals. The only owner ship recognized was that evidenced by a brand.

same experience. It is small wonder west and the south made the eastern hard. But this is a thrifty soul. home depended on crops, and the engage in the cattle business. Back in the 1850's Greeley uttered a prophecy which became a young man, growing up in the country." Millions and when they were the result is a rich country. The conditions in nearly approaching each year and so which the easterners bored for three growing lighter.

When the wave from the western advanced. Soon the buffalo. Then the stockman found it. He could not production of buffalo the cattlemen of the states did. In time it could be marketed which could not be shipped to the rail head in these blue grass states. By taking care a different kind of cattle could be raised at a far better price than that of the west. They proved the breed; cattle were produced which for the care expended.

ave Pocahon-  
of 2922. Of  
d 219 color-  
1940 census  
ite, but the  
out five fold  
in the ratio  
ning about

Pocahontas  
tyle, 10,000  
ording to

's returns  
ocahontas  
10,964;  
1.

happen  
s for the  
sheep;

ning in  
rs, 1840  
consider  
Pocahon  
duction  
three  
ousand

In the east cattle were raised by the sweat of the brow, on high cost and high taxed land. In the west, with the buffalo gone, there was hardly end to possibilities of the number of wild cattle. There would be two roundups a year, in the spring to brand the calves; in the fall to cut out beef cattle for market. It is no wonder the east was forced out of the cattle business when came the competition of the boundless west.

As example of what is possible in wild cattle take the treeless plains of South America. In the 1550's a bull and seven cows were brought from Spain. From these sprang the millions and millions of wild cattle of the South American pampas. Except for the buffalo, the same condition would have prevailed in North America. There never was a time when the wild cattle of South America did not yield readily to domestication. For many generations they were hunted for their hides alone, as was the buffalo of the north. However, whenever it was considered worth while to corral wild cattle, it was found that in a short time they become accustomed to the control of man.

Australia and New Zealand had the same experience with

Let me  
that abe  
back cha  
the econ  
and the  
declined  
decline i  
so carefu  
up to suc  
lence in  
ing the v

In Tues  
winters  
practice  
The peni  
was a te  
countries  
cattle fo  
ern Virg

have not  
old yearli  
years of  
ing. An  
cheap cat  
a steer wa  
salted in

The ex  
hoe cattle  
the breed  
of the Sh  
mac and

according to  
ssor's returns  
n Pocahontas  
attle, 10,964;  
3101.

on, I happen  
turns for the  
446; sheep;

alarming in  
years, 1840  
in consider  
his Pocahon  
production  
ago, three  
i thousand  
teen thou  
thousand  
little pro  
ease here  
pared with

y settled  
uch large  
ago may  
ern range  
rted mil  
d there  
e east in  
k. No  
nted in  
ore the  
e range  
s have  
that if  
d been  
een no  
Where  
led up  
untry.

From these sprang the millions and millions of wild cattle of the South American pampas. Except for the buffalo, the same condition would have prevailed in North America. There never was a time when the wild cattle of South America did not yield readily to domestication. For many generations they were hunted for their hides alone, as was the buffalo of the north. However, whenever it was considered worth while to corral wild cattle, it was found that in a short time they become accustomed to the control of man.

Australia and New Zealand had the same experience with range cattle. It is small wonder that beef from the west and the south and down under made the eastern cattle raiser live hard. But this eastern American is a thrifty soul. Those who stayed at home depended upon a diversity of crops, and the others went west to engage in the cattle business.

Back in the 1870's, Editor Horace Greeley uttered some careless words which became a slogan: "Go west young man, grow up with the country." Millions acted upon his advice and when they went they went to stay. The result is a rich and populous west. The conditions in the west are more nearly approaching those in the east each year and so the handicap under which the eastern cattle man has labored for three generations is growing lighter.

When the waves of buffalo receded from the western plains, the steer ad-

countries, a  
cattle found  
ern Virgin

have not he  
old yearling  
years of ag  
ing. Anot  
cheap cattle  
a steer was  
salted in his

The existe  
hoe cattle w  
the breeders  
of the Shen  
mac and Ty  
bull became  
Cattle seemed  
animals in t  
the sire and i  
can be seen t  
royal bull wa  
passes of the  
watched to k  
the divide. A  
could be dry  
highlands wit  
If there were  
bunch, the clo  
the herds, so t  
worked out of  
suation and ot

The English  
ed here—that  
one cow or m  
tention to her  
nity to raise pu

The four yea  
the sacred ox

increase here  
s compared with  
sparsely settled  
had such large  
century ago may  
the western range  
supported mil-  
lions, and there  
with the east in  
livestock. No  
represented in  
sell before the  
ers. The range  
conomists have  
again that if  
alo had been  
have been no  
west. Where  
I traveled up  
of country,  
grass. These  
arvation was  
limit.

the extinc-  
in Pocahon-  
of the east.  
hurt them.  
raising of  
tince. This  
stock grow-  
it put him  
range cattle  
are than is  
only owner  
evidenced

hard. But this eastern American is  
a thrifty soul. Those who stayed at  
home depended upon a diversity of  
crops, and the others went west to  
engage in the cattle business.

Back in the 1870's, Editor Horace  
Greeley uttered some careless words  
which became a slogan: "Go west  
young man, grow up with the coun-  
try." Millions acted upon his advice  
and when they went they went to stay.  
The result is a rich and populous west.  
The conditions in the west are more  
nearly approaching those in the east  
each year and so the handicap under  
which the eastern cattle man has lab-  
ored for three generations is grow-  
ing lighter.

When the waves of buffalo receded  
from the western plains, the steer ad-  
vanced. Soon they had replaced the  
buffalo. Then the Pocahontas county  
stockman found himself up against  
it. He could not even turn to the  
production of butter and cheese, as  
the cattlemen of New York and other  
states did. In those days nothing  
could be marketed from Pocahontas  
which could not walk out on its own  
feet to the rail head. The way out  
in these blue grass valleys was found.  
By taking care a domesticated animal  
could be raised that commanded a  
far better price than the range cattle  
of the west. They set about to im-  
prove the breed; Thus export cattle  
were produced which brought a living  
for the care expended.

the sun and the  
can be seen the a  
royal bull was  
passes of the m  
watched to keep  
the divide. A bu  
could be driven  
highlands without  
If there were bu  
bunch, the close  
the herds, so the  
worked out of the  
suasion and other

The English cus-  
ed here—that of s  
one cow or more  
tention to herds,  
nity to raise pure

The four year o  
the sacred ox in  
held sacred to the  
he was created; an  
city market for t  
know, there neve  
four year old ste  
eaten in Pocahont  
tion has it, a pecu  
brier county, decid  
was as good as any  
ple of export ste  
market. He like to  
business, for his cus  
demanded the kind  
ed while these expo

# Pocahontas - 7

raised by  
high cost  
the west,  
here was  
the num  
would be  
the spring  
all to cut  
It is no  
i out of  
came the  
west.

ssible in  
plains of  
's a bull  
it from  
ng the  
cattle  
as. Ex  
a condi

North  
a time  
Ameri-  
nestica  
s they  
one, as

How  
sidered  
ale, it  
e they  
sol of

Let me here interline the remark  
that about a quarter of a century  
back changes began to come about in  
the economic scheme of world affairs.  
and the demand for big export cattle  
declined and went out It marked  
decline in the quality of our cattle,  
so carefully and laboriously brought  
up to such high standard of excel-  
lence in the two generations follow-  
ing the war between the states

In Tuckahoe Virginia, where the  
winters are mild, there persisted the  
practice of raising unimproved cattle.  
The penny royal bull of the old days  
was a term of reproach in grazing  
countries, and referred to the class of  
cattle found in the flat lands of East-  
ern Virginia. Another term I have

have not heard in years was a four  
old yearling, meaning a steer four  
years of age and the size of a yearl-  
ing. Another illustration of the  
cheap cattle of the lowlands was that  
a steer was so small that he could be  
salted in his horns.

The existence of low grade Tucka-  
hoe cattle was a constant menace to  
the breeders of the mountain valleys  
of the Shenandoah Great

wild cattle  
ampas. Ex-  
sama condi-  
d in North  
was a time  
uth Ameri-  
domestica-  
tions they  
alone, as  
th, How  
considered  
cattle, it  
time they  
ontrol of  
I had the  
e cattle.  
from the  
n under  
ser live  
rican is  
ayed at  
rsity of  
est to  
Horace  
words  
west  
coun-  
advice  
to stay  
s west  
more  
e east  
under

countries, and referred to the class of cattle found in the flat lands of Eastern Virginia. Another term I have

have not heard in years was a four old yearling, meaning a steer four years of age and the size of a yearling. Another illustration of the cheap cattle of the lowlands was that a steer was so small that he could be salted in his horns.

The existence of low grade Tuckahoe cattle was a constant menace to the breeders of the mountain valleys of the Shenandoah, Greenbrier, Potomac and Tygarts. The pennyroyal bull became much dreaded and feared. Cattle seemed to be peculiar among animals in that they breed true to the sire and not to the dam. So it can be seen the aversion to the pennyroyal bull was well founded. The passes of the mountains were well watched to keep him on his side of the divide. A bunch of sinewy steers could be driven to the grass in the highlands without causing concern. If there were bulls and heifers in the bunch, the close watch was kept on the herds, so the interlopers could be worked out of the country by moral suasion and other lawful means.

The English custom was firmly fixed here—that of seeing families

ew Zealand had the with range cattle. that beef from the and down under cattle raiser live stern American is one who stayed at on a diversity of's went west to business.

s, Editor Horace e careless words logan: "Go west with the coun- upon his advice they went to stay ad populous west e west are more hose in the east handicap under cattle man has la ations is grow-

buffalo receded os, the steer ad ad replaced the shontas county self up against en turn to the and cheese, as York and other days nothing m Pocahontas but on its own The way out eys was found, ticated animal commanded a range cattle about to im

or the Shetlandian, Greenbrier, Foo mac and Tygarts. The pennyroyal bull became much dreaded and feared. Cattle seemed to be peculiar among animals in that they breed true to the sire and not to the dam. So it can be seen the aversion to the penny royal bull was well founded. The passes of the mountains were well watched to keep him on his side of the divide. A bunch of sinewy steers could be driven to the grass in the highlands without causing concern. If there were bulls and heifers in the bunch, the close watch was kept on the herds, so the interlopers could be worked out of the country by moral suasion and other lawful means.

The English custom was firmly fix ed here—that of seeing families with one cow or more, who made no pretension to herds, were given opportu nity to raise purebred stock.

The four year old export steer was the sacred ox in these mountains; held sacred to the purpose for which he was created; and went to the large city market for beef. So far as I know, there never was a standard four year old steer butchered and eaten in Pocahontas county. Tradition has it, a peculiar man in Green brier county, deciding that the best was as good as any, butchered a couple of export steers for the home market. He like to have ruined his business, for his customers ever after demanded the kind of beef he furnish ed while these export steers lasted.

The last generation has seen a decided change for the worse in the quality of our cattle. The big demand is for stocker cattle—calves, yearlings, and two year olds, to be fed out for beef in corn raising counties. A lot of milk stock has been brought in. Every housewife demands one or more Jerseys, Holsteins or Guernseys at the milk gap for home supply and weekly shipments of cans of cream. Dairies have come to supply town people with their daily milk. In most every bunch of cattle can be seen the slim hips which denote milk stock. The hired man goes about the milking as a matter of course. Men have grown to maturity who never heard the boisterous defy song of the old timers, one verse of which went something like this:

They can't set me down to no three  
legg'd stool,  
With a painted milk bucket at knee,  
What, do they think I'm that kind  
of a fool!  
They can't make a milker of me!  
By the way a painted bucket was a

The hired hand, of course, never heard the boisterous defy song of the old timers, one verse of which went something like this:

They can't set me down to no three legg'd stool.

With a painted milk bucket at knee,  
What, do they think I'm that kind  
of a fool!

They can't make a milker of me!

By the way a painted bucket was a wooden factory made one, bought at the store. The term painted was applied to differentiate between the heavier, more lubberly bucket made by some handy man in the community. I have not heard the term in years, now I come to think about it.

I see now I have once again started to write something hard to stop in allocated space. To make as neat a landing as possible, let me say that our town has survived and prospered during the late depression on the million dollar annual income of Pocahontas county farmers, mostly derived from live stock. Each and every one of us has a stake in the expansion of livestock industry, through better breeding and better care of cattle and sheep on these everlasting hills. Much can be learned from the experience of the old time stockman, who came up from disaster by producing a better steer when the cheap beef from wild cattle from the western plains flooded the market.

landing as possible, too little is known about our town has survived and prospered during the late depression on the million dollar annual income of Pocahontas county farmers, mostly derived from live stock. Each and every one of us has a stake in the expansion of livestock industry, through better breeding and better care of cattle and sheep on these everlasting hills. Much can be learned from the experience of the old time stockman, who came up from disaster by producing a better steer when the cheap beef from wild cattle from the western plains flooded the market. What grandpa did to save his business, we can do to improve ours. Dr Wilson, up at the University Farm, says the solution of our live stock problems lies in the breed, care and feed. These three, but the greatest of these is feed.

So we say to all those who follow the track of a steer it looks like good times are coming back in the cattle business, and that right soon. In fact the text I had in mind when I started to write was the news that Cousin Cam Beard topped the Baltimore market with a couple of car loads of three year old steers, 1300 pounds and better, to net him around \$9.50 a hundred weight.

- Pocahontas  
Chapter 4

Somewhat under duress exerted at such capable hands of authority as Miss Mabel, who is the wife, poor dear, and Doctor Jim, I made the perfectly sincere and all to the good New Year's resolution to quit so mudd of my running around.

To begin with, I had made a hand for a couple of days on a deer hunt. An old flat foot broke down under pressure; and an infection resulted. The blood stream got to acting up over it and they put me to bed for parts of three days with my foot in a sling. This was different from the metaphorical slings I am always putting my foot in. The orders were positive and plain: from here on I was to act my age. Being on the anxious seat, I readily assented and expected to comply.

My word being out before witness, it was with me the summer of self righteous pride which precedes the fall. I declined with regret certain public appearances to break a few random remarks. Ordinarily, I would have risked a better leg than my worse one to have accepted such kind invites.

Come last Sunday afternoon; I was humped up in the chimney corner, with shoes off before the fire, a wondering in my mind if duty was not calling for the sacrifice of a pleasant six mile walk in the woods, for to check up on the birds, beasts and verminitis, for a long range forecast on the snow storm; the crackle of the fire sure said was brewing.

I hurry to say I am for the daily weather forecasts; their twenty-four hour predictions are to be depended upon for the short period attempted to be covered. However I want longer range forecasts myself, to consult the rut eaters in the fall as to general prospects for a hard or soft winter; then to read again weekly for the immediate period ahead.

As I pondered to make believeed to and cut out; words mark'd for there was satisfaction in the conceit emphasis. Then other rehearsals for of having been a powerful man in my time revised script. All this was just day, the telephone jingled to break about as dull as dish water and as on the silence of the sour hour. It was interesting as preparations for the New York, "We the People" were old home town pageant.

Calling to know whether I could catch the next train out for the big town, to be an exhibit on the popular radio broadcast which advertises Banks Coffee. It seemed a typical country editor was wanted, and would I be their huckleberry?

In the words of the truth in a catch my point. I have said before it is ever a pain, I said go no further to getful duty for me to adviseot my feeble chested; I would be on hand.

It is fifty miles down to the little wonder what it all may be about any ments; the train would leave in a couple of hours, and it a snowing; I would sit the hay road out in a few minutes with bells a ringing.

The gentleman with the kindest intention in the world, considerately inquired if I had expence money; if not, he would wire an amount sufficient. Daggone that old boy don't know his mountain people, to realize that if I did not have the money by me or knew where I could get it. I would have had to politely refuse the invite for very good reasons, such as being in bed with bear scratches, and quarantined for rabies.

Incidentally, the record should show that well heeled neighbors did shell out liberally on the spur of my great moment in amounts more than sufficient. I am further moved to remark the old saying is still true that we mountain-people are like wild hogs in that we eat each other, but let one of us equal, and the whole drove packs to his relief.

For seven generations my people have trakk'd the Seneca Trail—some times before and some times after the 1812— but none of the breed ever went that long trail awinding with greater trepidation of heart. However, you know the old saying, no fool, no fun, so I went along determined to have a good time, regardless, but how I did dread it all. On, why should the heart of a mortal be proud!

The trip from the settlement on was just another train ride. At the hotel, there were directions to call the captain's office. Reporting there, an interview was had, in which the short and simple annals of a poor country editor were jotted down for the professional script writer to put within weeds and bounds for five minutes of dialogue—no more, no less. Then appointments were made for studio rehearsals. Here your reading voice is tried out to fit radio broadcasting; the script revised, add

Mouthing over a spontaneous little outburst soon causes it to lose flavor and be me flat as a board, no matter how scintillating in the morning sun it may appear when first expressed. Something like messing up butterfly wings by too much handling, if you

cont.

There being no part nor parcel of play acting in my make up, there was no temptation to become impudent or hysterical in common, everyday language. So like the dumb, driven as when I am, I plodded along the lines laid out for me. I finally realized I had no particular desire to live through it all, for I knew full well if I was allowed even to come back to the Greenbrier Valley, I could never hope to live the matter down.

To relieve terrors under suspense, I will here say I did live through the experience, and have returned to the bosom of my family. The seem audience which packed the big theatre responded to the weak gags about the ~~same~~ as a gathering of mountain people; there were kind, encouraging words from the management; there has been a flow of fan mail; even the home people received steadily the threadbare lines I sent over the air.

As an experience I would not take anything for it, but I do not choose any more. Like the old man who said he would not take a million dollars for his wife, but would hesitate to give a dime for another just like her.

My little skit was a dialogue between two editors. Exhibit Number One was Editor Schoenstein of the New York Journal American, 500,000 circulation, 1,000 employees. Exhibit Number Two was your Editor of the Pocahontas Times, 3,000 subscribers, 3 employees. I cottoned to the city editor no end; he is smart and he is likable. What a man I could have made of him if I had caught him early enough to train him up as a country editor. Here his personality would have touched humanity direct—a light on a bosom and not under it.

The Confederacy was pretty well represented on the stage that night, in addition to this unreconstructed rebel. The director, Mr. Stroanen, is one of the Virginia Cousins from Clark County. Miss Jane Pickens is a professional singer, whose head is as red as the clay hills of Georgia from whence she came. These two have joined the Yankees and now live in New York.

Then there was that son of the far South, Will Davis, executive secretary of the Board of Trade, city of Pensacola, Florida, turkey hunter and hound dog man. His mother was a professional singer. About forty years ago, her singing of the ever popular song "O Promise Me," was transcribed on a victrola record. Not one record could be found, though Mr. Davis sought diligently. "We the People" had one for him in an hour after his plea had gone out over the air.

Another on the job that night was Far Wood, that boat racing son of Neptune, whose speed boats have won so many races there is no one left with the nerve to challenge him.

There was one interesting Major of the 1000 royal navy of Russia, who designs for military planes for America these days.

Then there were Mr. and Mrs. George Lowther, of New York, whose recent marriage through exchange readings and their steppe and marriage has been heralded from coast to coast in the daily papers. They are a nice young couple and I am for them. If they will send me their address when they go to some meeting, I will help them start right to the extent of a year's subscription to the Pocahontas Times.

The remaining feature of the program was a group of boys from the Bowery, who play harmonicas. They were bright little Dickens, with the touch of art. I got real pleasure with them. Don't ask the names, for I have hardly pronounced them when I have spelt them. They were of bad extraction, morally.

Pocahontas  
Times  
1/13/40

# Pocahontas - Chapter 4

## **:- D I E D :-**

Mrs Phoebe Ellen Zickafoose Lambert was born at Cave, Pendleton County, November 13, 1862; she departed this life Decembe 4, 1939, at her home at Greenbank, aged 77 years and 21 days. She was a daughter of the late Sampson and Sarah Simmons Zickafoose. She is survived by her half brother, Robert Mullenax, and her half sister, Mrs Pearlie Lambert, both of Cherry Grove.

On August 19, 1880, she became the wife of James B Lambert. To this union seven children were born. She is survived by her aged husband, and two children, Mrs Boyd Crigler, of Franklin and Mrs Home: Cassell, of Greenbank; also by twenty three grandchildren and four great grandchildren.

At the age of twelve years, Mrs Lambert made profession of her faith and united with the United Brethren Church, ever living the faithful, consistent life of a Christian. She was a great church worker, a teacher in the Sabbath School, ready to do everything in her power to advance The Kingdom. She was a sympathetic friend and neighbor, a loving and affectionate mother.

The funeral service was held from the Greenbank Methodist Church by Rev Quade R. Arbogast. Burial in the Arbovale Cemetery beside the graves of her son and daughter. The pall bearers were her grandsons and the flower bearers her granddaughters.

X

- Medlinon Journal

3/7/40

## OLD TIMES

Dear Mr. Price:

On January 5, 1886, my father, C. G. Sutton moved from his father's farm near Greenbank to what is now Mill Creek, then it was called Dog town. We left grandfather's farm early in the morning with our household goods loaded on two covered wagons. One wagon was driven by my uncle Samuel Sutton and the other by Asbury Sheets. Mother and I rode in Uncle Sam's wagon while father walked and drove two cows. The first day we got as far as Travelers Repose, and there we spent the night with Mr Peter D. Yeager and his good wife.

In those days the East Fork of the Greenbrier was not bridged so it was necessary to ford the stream. Ice had frozen several feet from each bank of the stream, leaving a deep channel in the middle. It was necessary for the men assisted by Mr Yeager and his son Will, to cut a channel through the shore ice so the wagons could get over. Then came Back River, or as it is now known, The West Fork of the Greenbrier, and it was much worse than the East Fork. Luck was with us, however, since R. B. Kerr and Harvey Cromer were there at a mill owned and operated by Mr Kerr. To cross this Fork the wagons were forced to drop from two to three feet from the edge of the ice to the river bed. What a wonder they didn't upset. We managed however to negotiate the ford and start up Cheat Mountain. After travelling all day we reached Cheat Bridge and spent the night in the home of Mr Cromer. (Right here I want to say that no one ever had a better friend than Mr. Cromer.)

Mother had walked and driven the cows for quite some distance and had frozen her feet. The next morning it was bitter cold as only it can be on Cheat Mountain. Mr Cromer sent mother and me on to the last top by sleigh to where a Mr Lindsay lived. Mother and Mrs Lindsay prepared a hot dinner for the men who were driving. The wagons went on to the farm that night, making the trip in three days. Father left mother and me at his cousins, Benick Ward, and took us down to the farm the next day. The Ward farm where we spent the night is now part of the prison farm.

In August 1899 we returned to Durbin, using the same mode of travel—covered wagons.

Neither the C. & O. or W. M., the Coal and Iron, as it was then known, had reached here yet. The preliminary surveys had been run for both roads were anxious to open up the vast timber sections.

With the coming of the construction crews the roaring days began. Durbin in those days was rough and ready, but what place located in sight of timber operations such as O'Connell's Camp and two rival construction camps could say it wasn't.

I remember O'Connell's last drive

of logs to the Ronceverte Boom. Well known men of Pocahontas county were in the crew. Names such as these are familiar to the older generation. Bland Nottingham, John W Carpenter, Sherman Sutton, Wise Gillispie, Harper Smith, Lewis Lynch and J. A. (Jimmie) Kirkpatrick. Mr Kirkpatrick was the cook and his cookoo was Roland Scott.

When the construction crew on the Coal and Iron reached what is now Brocker, my father carried the mail to the camp. On days that he could not go I carried the mail on horseback. A box was located in what is now the Lee Galford farm for one of the camps, and from there down to the river and back to Durbin following the railroad grade. N. B. Arbogast, or Uncle Polie, as he was affectionately known, was post master and I was his assistant.

Days when O'Connell and the construction camps pall off were liable to be rough and I have changed the mail while John Bell or Gratz Slavins stood guard with a Winchester.

When the C & I reached what is now West Durbin and the C & O what is now Durbin, both had their survey through what is called the Narrows just above Durbin. Both roads were anxious to lay steel through the gap and the C & I got the jump on the C & I. They rushed a crew in one Saturday night, in October 1902. Sunday saw intense activity and when evening came a flat car loaded with ties stood at the end of steel. That is where the switch is located going into Pocahontas Tanning Company siding.

I have seen Durbin grow from this start to where it is today. Located on U. S. 250, the old, Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike and the junction of the W. M. and C. & O. Rail Roads. Grown from two houses a post office and one small country store to an almost model town. To day we have paved streets, a water system second to none in the state, modern electric lights and power from the West Penn, a consolidated Methodist Church, movies in a modern theatre, and a graded school second to none in the county and closely crowding any in the state. No, Durbin hasn't done so badly by herself.

Give credit for our school to those men who in the past years have fought so hard for a high standard of learning. Mr Flynn, Mr Batson, Mr Hedrick, Mr McMillion and Mr Poscover. These men, assisted by as fine a group of teachers as anywhere in the State have made our school a top ranking one.

I really started out to describe the difference in transportation between Greenbank and Mill Creek fifty years ago and today but got sidetracked and rambled around until I have given a condensed history of Durbin.

To show the difference in modes of transportation I would suggest a trip in a 1940 model car over State Route 28 and U. S. 250.

Mrs. P. F. Eades.

Durbin, W. Va.

Pocahontas  
Times  
1/16/40

## OLD TIMES

Dear Mr. Price:

On January 5, 1886, my father, C. G. Sutton moved from his fathers' farm near Greenbank to what is now Mill Creek. then it was called Dog town. We left grandfather's farm early in the morning with our household goods loaded on two covered wagons. One wagon was driven by my uncle Samuel Sutton and the other by Asbury Sheets. Mother and I rode in Uncle Sam's wagon while father walked and drove two cows. The first day we got as far as Travelers Repose, and there we spent the night with Mr Peter D. Yeager and his good wife.

In those days the East Fork of the Greenbrier was not bridged so it was necessary to ford the stream. Ice had frozen several feet from each bank of the stream, leaving a deep channel in the middle. It was necessary for the men assisted by Mr Yeager and his son Will, to cut a channel through the shore ice so the wagons could get over. Then came

necessary to ford the stream. Ice had frozen several feet from each bank of the stream, leaving a deep channel in the middle. It was necessary for the men assisted by Mr Yeager and his son Will, to cut a channel through the shore ice so the wagons could get over. Then came Back River, or as it is now known, The West Fork of the Greenbrier. and it was much worse than the East Fork. Luck was with us, however, since R. B. Kerr and Harvey Cromer were there at a mill owned and operated by Mr Kerr. To cross this Fork the wagons were forced to drop from two to three feet from the edge of the ice to the river bed. What a wonder they didn't upset. We managed however to negotiate the ford and start up Cheat Mountain. After traveling all day we reached Cheat Bridge and spent the night in the home of Mr Cromer. (Right here I want to say that no one ever had a better friend than Mr. Cromer.)

Mother had walked and driven the cows for quite some distance and had frozen her feet. The next morning it was bitter cold as only it can be on Cheat Mountain. Mr Cromer sent mother and me on to the last top by sleigh to where a Mr Lindsay lived. Mother and Mrs Lindsay prepared a hot dinner for the men.

to negotiate the ford and start up Cheat Mountain. After traveling all day we reached Cheat Bridge and spent the night in the home of Mr Cromer. (Right here I want to say that no one ever had a better friend than Mr. Cromer.)

Mother had walked and driven the cows for quite some distance and had frozen her feet. The next morning it was bitter cold as only it can be on Cheat Mountain. Mr Cromer sent mother and me on to the last top by sleigh to where a Mr Lindsay lived. Mother and Mrs Lindsay prepared a hot dinner for the men who were driving. The wagons went on to the farm that night, making the trip in three days. Father left mother and me at his cousins, Renick Ward, and took us down to the farm the next day. The Ward farm where we spent the night is now part of the prison farm.

In August 1899 we returned to Durbin, using the same mode of traveling—covered wagons.

Neither the C. & O. or W. M., the Coal and Iron, as it was then known, had reached here yet. The preliminary surveys had been run for both roads were; anxious to open up the vast timber sections.

With the coming of the construction crews the roaring days began Durbin in those days was rough and ready, but what place located in sight

steel. That located going in Company siding. I have seen start to when on U. S 250, and Parkers junction of Rail Roads. a post office a store to an all day we have p system second modern elect from the Wes Methodist Ch ern theatre, a ond to none it crowding any bin hasn't do

Give credit men who in fought so hard of learning.

Mr Hedrick. Poscover. Th fine a group of in the State a top ranking

I really start difference in t Greenbank and ago and today and rambled given a condens

To show the transnortation

Cheat Mountain. Mr Cromer sent mother and me on to the last top by sleigh to where a Mr Lindsay lived. Mother and Mrs Lindsay prepared a hot dinner for the men who were driving. The wagons went on to the farm that night, making the trip in three days. Father left mother and me at his cousins, Renick Ward, and took us down to the farm the next day. The Ward farm where we spent the night is now part of the prison farm.

In August 1899 we returned to Durbin, using the same mode of traveling—covered wagons.

Neither the C. & O. or W. M., the Coal and Iron, as it was then known, had reached here yet. The preliminary surveys had been run for both roads were; anxious to open up the vast timber sections.

With the coming of the construction crews the roaring days began Durbin in those days was rough and ready, but what place located in sight of lumber operations such as O'Connell's Camp and two rival construction camps could say it wasn't.

I remember O'Connell's last drive

day we ha system s modern from the Methodis ern theat ond to no crowding bin hasn' Give cr men wh fought so of learnir Mr Hedi Poscover. fine a gro in the S a top ran I really difference Greenban ago and and raml given a co To sho transport in a 1940 28 and U. Durbin, W

my father, C.  
his fathers'  
what is now  
called Dog  
ther's farm  
our house-  
two covered  
s driven by  
n and the  
Mother  
m's wagon  
drove two  
t as far as  
e we spent  
D. Yeager

Fork of the  
so it was  
Ice had  
h bank of  
p channel  
ssary for  
ager and  
l through  
could get  
er, or-as  
Fork of  
as much  
Luck was  
B. Kerr  
here at a

of logs to the Ronceverte Boom. Well known men of Pocahontas county were in the crew. Names such as these are familiar to the older generation. Bland Nottingham, John W Carpenter, Sherman Sutton, Wise Gillispie, Harper Smith, Lewis Lynch and J. A. (Jimmie) Kirkpatrick. Mr Kirkpatrick was the cook and his cookee was Roland Scott.

When the construction crew on the Coal and Iron reached what is now Brocker, my father carried the mail to the camp. On days that he could not go I carried the mail on horseback. A box was located in what is now the Lee Galford farm for one of the camps, and from there down to the river and back to Durbin following the railroad grade. N. B. Arbogast, or Uncle Polie, as he was affectionately known, was post master and I was his assistant.

Days when O'Connell and the construction camps pall off were liable to be rough and I have changed the mail while John Bell or Gratz Slavins stood guard with a Winchester.

When the C & I reached what is now West Durbin and the C & O what is now Durbin, both had their survey through what is called the Narrows just above Durbin. Both roads were anxious to lay steel

Peter D. Yeager  
the East Fork of the  
bridged so it was  
the stream. Ice had  
from each bank of  
a deep channel  
was necessary for  
Mr Yeager and  
a channel through  
wagons could get  
back River, or as  
the West Fork of  
it was much  
Fork. Luck was  
ice R. B. Kerr  
were there at a  
ed by Mr Kerr.  
the wagons were  
two to three  
the ice to the  
wonder they  
aged however  
and start up  
traveling all  
Bridge and  
home of Mr  
want to say  
better friend

had driven the  
tance and had  
next morning  
y it can be on  
Cromer sent  
e last top by  
ndsay lived.  
y prepared a  
who were

the of the camps, and from there  
down to the river and back to Dur-  
bin following the railroad grade. N.  
B. Arbogast, or Uncle Polie, as he  
was affectionately known, was post  
master and I was his assistant.

Days when O'Connell and the con-  
struction camps pail off were liable to  
be rough and I have changed the  
mail while John Bell or Gratz Slavins  
stood guard with a Winchester.

When the C & I reached what is  
now West Durbin and the C & O  
what is now Durbin, both had their  
survey through what is called the  
Narrows just above Durbin. Both  
roads were anxious to lay steel thro-  
ugh the gap and the C & O got the  
jump on the C & I. They rushed a  
crew in one Saturday night in Octo-  
ber 1902. Sunday saw intense activ-  
ity and when evening came a flat car  
loaded with ties stood at the end of  
steel. That is where the switch is  
located going into Pocahontas Tanning  
Company siding.

I have seen Durbin grow from this  
start to where it is today. Located  
on U. S 250, the old, Staunton and  
and Parkersburg Turnpike and the  
junction of the W M and C & O.  
Rail Roads. Grown from two houses  
a post office and one small country  
store to an almost model town. To  
day we have paved streets, a water  
system second to none in the state,  
modern electric lights and power  
from the West Penn, a consolidated  
Methodist Church, movies in a

a wonder they  
managed however  
I and start up  
after traveling all  
at Bridge and  
the home of Mr  
I want to say  
a better friend

and driven the  
distance and had  
next morning  
only it can be on  
Cromer sent  
the last top by  
Lindsay lived.  
ay prepared a  
en who were  
ent on to the  
g the trip in  
mother and  
ck Ward, and  
arm the next  
here we spent  
of the prison

returned to  
mode of trav

W. M., the  
then known,  
be preemin-  
un for both  
pen up the  
be construc-  
days began  
rough and  
ted in sight  
as O'Con  
il construc-  
asn't.  
last drive

Sunday saw intense activ-  
ity and when evening came a flat car  
loaded with ties stood at the end of  
steel. That is where the switch is  
located going into Pocahontas Tanning  
Company siding.

I have seen Durbin grow from this  
start to where it is today. Located  
on U. S 250, the old, Staunton and  
and Parkersburg Turnpike and the  
junction of the W M and C & O.  
Rail Roads. Grown from two houses  
a post office and one small country  
store to an almost model town. To  
day we have paved streets, a water  
system second to none in the state,  
modern electric lights and power  
from the West Penn, a consolidated  
Methodist Church, movies in a mod-  
ern theatre, and a graded school sec-  
ond to none in the county and closely  
crowding any in the state. No, Dur-  
bin hasn't done so badly by herself.

Give credit for our school to those  
men who in the past years have  
fought so hard for a high standard  
of learning. Mr Flynn, Mr Batson,  
Mr Hedrick, Mr McMillion and Mr  
Poscover. These men, assisted by as  
fine a group of teachers as anywhere  
in the State have made our school  
a top ranking one.

I really started out to describe the  
difference in transportation between  
Greenbank and Mill Creek fifty years  
ago and today but got sidetracked  
and rambled around until I have  
given a condensed history of Durbin.

To show the difference in modes of  
transportation I would suggest a trip  
in a 1940 model car over State Route  
28 and U. S. 250.

Mrs. P. F. Eades.

Durbin, W. Va.

Pocahon-  
ta

1/15/4

# Pocahontas

Chap 4

Dear Mr Price:

Several times in recent years I have read your comments on coyote in Webster and nearby. Do you know why they are there?

Thirtyfive of my forty years have been spent in Webster - have been raised there, grade and school. Later bank cashier a few years in same county. All my life during hunting

season I have roamed the hills of Webster and adjoining counties.

About the years of 1927 and 1928 The Cherry River Boom and Lumber Company had some Spaniards or half Mexicans near Tea Creek on Gauley. One of their sports was dog fighting. They also brought into Gauley coyotes to fight their dogs. It was great sport to them. I have seen them shipped by express to Camden on Gauley from Western states. Camden on Gauley was the shipping point for the Gauley River lumber woods. Some of the coyotes were turned loose at Tea Creek and others escaped in the same locality.

This may not be anything new to you, but if you did not know it, then I will be glad to have informed you

Claude A. Case.  
Lost Creek, W. Va.

Hunters from Bath and Alleghany Counties, Virginia, are preparing to gather at Muddy Run, near Warm Springs, on Thursday, February 1, to hunt down the wolf or coyote which has killed over one hundred head of sheep for the farmers along Jacksons River the past year. It is believed the varment is denning in the Rocky Spring Hollow.

Dennis Griffin, of Clovelick, caught the monster wild cat or bay lynx of the woods one day last week. It was forty five inches long from tip to tip, and would weigh nearly forty pounds. The books give the average length of a bay lynx at thirtysix inches and its weight at twenty pounds. This big cat was caught in a steel trap, set near the boundary of the Seneca State Forest.

Years ago some prominent people in the world outside took to task my brother, the late Andrew Price; how come he persisted to live in this sparsely settled county, to hide under a bushel his bright light as an able lawyer and writer. In time he gave reply, expressing his sentiments in a really outstanding poem. I print it again, to show why we all like to live like Riley on Nameless Creek, where we are so happy and so poor:

The life I live, the life I prize  
Seems tame to world-worn weary eyes;  
Those frantic souls spurred on by  
lust,  
For power and place till all is dust;  
They never know the sweet release  
Among the purple hills of peace.

I know not what the years may hold,  
My dreams may fade if I grow old,  
But this I know, each golden year,  
Makes home, and friends, and life  
more dear.

Each year the heavens brighter  
gleam,  
Each year enhances field and stream.  
Come with me to the mountain height  
Bathed in a flood of morning light.

On every side the mountains stand,  
Awful, indomitable, grand,

Yet through an all-wise Thesmophete  
The wild flowers bloom about our feet  
I know I gaze with raptured eye,  
On scenes that once I idled by;  
I envy not the potentate,  
The rich, the mighty, high and great.  
My books, my friends, my mountains  
free,  
Have been and are enough for me.

The Sinsel family is connected with the Dayton family. The wife of Judge A. G. Dayton was a Miss Sinsel; their son is the Honorable Arthur Dayton of Charleston, leading lawyer, outstanding Shakesperian scholar of his generation, and a recognized art critic in the field of picture painting. What I am leading up to say is the late Judge Dayton was the son of the late Spencer Dayton. He came from Connecticut along about some time in the early fifties or late forties to practice law. This he did extensively in a whole block of counties which are now in central West Virginia. Incidentally when his grandson, Arthur, moved from Philippi to Charleston some years since, the name of Dayton was removed from the list of attorneys at the bar of Barbour county, where it held honorable position for eighty years—grandfather, son and grandson.

Spencer Dayton is a tradition in Pocahontas county, and I have let the old people die off without finding out about his practice and service here in reconstruction times. Of course his family has written something about him and his ancestors tracing the line over to Old England and even running it down to Runny Meade, whatever and wherever that was. I reckon I ought not admit I am so provincial and narrow as to have small interest beyond my own Valley and State. But then doggone a man can easily take in too much territory and spread himself too thin. A man's responsibility must need have boundary somewhere.

In the years immediately following the war between the states, the reconstruction judge was a carpetbagger from Vermont or New Hampshire by the name of Nat Harrison. He had come into prominence some what as attorney for defense in the last trial for piracy on the high seas. This was in a Federal Court in New York. The brilliant young lawyer won decision to clear his clients of the charge.

About fifteen years after the celebrated trial, Attorney Nat Harrison turns up at Lewisburg as the Circuit Judge for the Greenbrier Valley section. To say the least, he was an unusually character. One item in many counts our people hold against Judge Harrison was his having the

It was Spencer Dayton who came into the breach. He came here from Summersville, over the Nicholas Trail through the Black Forest. It is said he disliked to wear shoes, and that he walked the distance barefooted, carrying his shoes and only putting them on when he came in sight of the court house. Anyway, the service of a strong lawyer was then available to an opposed people. I don't know of any of the trumped up murder cases coming to trial; certainly there were no convictions; eventually through the years the indictments were thrown out of court.

As for the indictment against Captain Stapher in some way appeal was taken to the Federal Court at Clarksburg, where the case was baffled along until the state restored the right of franchise to the Confederate soldier, and then dropped.

This, sketchily, is the tradition of Spencer Dayton, the lawyer from the North, in Pocahontas county at a time when a lot of good people sure needed the help he so ably and so cheerfully rendered them.

grandjury return indictments for murder against many of our prominent people. They had been Confederate soldiers, and were bailed before a civil court to answer for acts of war

It kind of leaked out that the indictment would be quashed by the judge for cash consideration. I never heard tell of any of the true bills being taken care of in this easy, quiet, crooked way. My recollection is the court records will show the indictment aga'inst Captain Jacob W. Marshall, of the 19th Virginia Cavalry, was not thrown out of court until sometime in the eighties when Judge Homer Holt was on the bench.

Anyway the people quietly organized a lynching bee to deal summarily with the Judge Harrison on his return to Lewisburg from the Huntington court. In some way the word leaked to the judge and he went home by way of Anthony Creek instead of the usual route, the Lewisburg and Marlinton Turnpike. I have heard the rope was to be tied to the Marlinton bridge when they dropped the judge in the river.

Then the judge got in a mess at the Lewisburg court; got knocked through a window by the clerk of the court; went west and died within my own recollection in a poor house in Colorado.

All this is just leading up to say that the late Spencer Dayton appeared on the scene at a time when a lot of good people were in need of an advocate. The local attorneys were barred by reason of the test oath. They could not swear they had not aided and abetted the late Southern Confederacy.

Incidentally one of them, Captain D. A. Stopher did stand and so swear. Having raised a whole company, called the Pocahontas Rescues, and marched them off in the Tin Cup Campaign to Philippi as their captain; having collected some five mine balls in his body during the following four years of war, the doughty captain was promptly indicted for false swearing. Then he too apparently stood in need of an advocate as much as anybody else.

Pocahontas -4

- Pocahontas Times  
7/5/40

Pocahontas  
Chap. 4

**DR. JOHN M. YEAGER**

Dr John M. Yeager aged 63 years died Sunday afternoon, April 14, 1940. For a year he had been in failing health, though up to within a few weeks of his death he had been active in his practice. The cause of his death was paralysis, but in reality this beloved physician had worn himself out in service of sick and ailing humanity.

On Tuesday afternoon his body was buried in the family plot in Mt View Cemetery. The funeral was conducted from the home in the presence of an immense throng of sorrowing friends by his pastor, Dr H. Malcom Sturm, of the Methodist Church. The pall bearers were C. B. Moore, Frank King, G. S. Callison, Kerth Nottingham, Richard Currence and Senator Fred C. Allen.

John Moody Yeager was born at Bartow, April 7 1877. He was the second son of the late Brown M. and Harriet Arbogast Yeager. Of his fathers family there remains his four brothers, Walker, Sterling, Bruce and Paul; his sisters, Mrs Brownie Gatewood and Mrs Texie Carroll.

In 1902 Dr. Yeager was united in marriage to Miss Mollie Smith, daughter of Captain A. E. Smith. To this union were born four children: Guy M. of Amingo; L. A. of Franklin; Mrs Elmer Smith and Mrs W. E. Adlung, of Washington D. C.

Dr Yeager was graduated in medicine at Louisville, Ky. in 1901 and for 39 years has practiced his profession in Marlinton. He had a large practice, which reached to every walk of life. To rich and poor alike, his sympathizing heart went out in his passion to heal sick and broken bodies. No one will ever know the good this beloved physician did for it should be said he wore his life away and shortened his days in service to sick and suffering humanity. Blessed with a remarkable personality his circle of friends was wide for to know him was to love him.

"Know ye not that this day a great and good man has fallen"

-Pocahontas Times  
4/18/40

The Sinsel family is connected with the Dayton family. The wife of Judge A. G. Dayton was a Miss Sinsel; their son is the Honorable Arthur Dayton of Charleston, leading Arthur, outstanding Shakesperian lawyer, scholar of his generation, and a recognized art critic in the field of painting. What I am leading up to say is the late Judge Dayton was the son of the late Spencer Dayton. He came from Connecticut along about some time in the early fifties or late forties to practice law. This he did extensively in a whole block of counties which are now in central West Virginia. Incidentally when his grandson, Arthur, moved from Philippi to Charleston some years since, the name of Dayton was removed from the list of attorneys at the bar of Barbour county, where it held honorable position for eighty years—grandfather, son and grandson.

Spencer Dayton is a tradition in Pocahontas county, and I have let the old people die off without finding out about his practice and service here in reconstruction times. Of course his family has written some thing about him and his ancestors tracing the line over to Old England and even running it down to Hunny Meade, whatever and wherever that was. I reckon I ought not admit I am so provincial and narrow as to have small interest beyond my own Valley and State. But then doggone a man can easily take in too much territory and spread himself too thin. A man's responsibility must need have boundary somewhere.

In the years immediately following the war between the states, the reconstruction judge was a carpetbagger from Vermont or New Hampshire by the name of Nat Harrison. He had come into prominence some what as attorney for defense to the last trial for piracy on the high seas. This was in a Federal Court in New York. The brilliant young lawyer won decision to clear his clients of the charge.

About fifteen years after the celebrated trial, Attorney Nat Harrison turns up at Lewisburg as the Circuit Judge for the Greenbrier Valley counties. To say the least, he was an unlovely character. One item in the many counts our people hold against him was his having the Judge Harrison was his having the

It was Spencer Dayton who came into the breach. He came here from Summersville, over the Nicholas Trail through the Black Forest. It is said he disliked to wear shoes, and that he walked the distance barefooted, carrying his shoes and only putting them on when he came in sight of the court house. Anyway, the service of a strong lawyer was then available to an opposed people. I don't know of any of the trumped up murder cases coming to trial; certainly there were no convictions; eventually through the years the indictments were thrown out of court.

As for the indictment against Captain Stapher in some way appeal was taken to the Federal Court at Clarksburg, where the case was baffled along until the state restored the right of franchise to the Confederate soldier, and then dropped.

This, sketchily, is the tradition of Spencer Dayton, the lawyer from the North, in Pocahontas county at a time when a lot of good people sure needed the help he so ably and so cheerfully rendered them.

grandjury return indictments for murder against many of our prominent people. They had been Confederate soldiers, and were haled before a civil court to answer for acts of war

It kind of leaked out that the indictment would be quashed by the judge for cash consideration. I never heard tell of any of the true bills being taken care of in this easy, quiet, crooked way. My recollection is the court records will show the indictment against Captain Jacob W. Marshall, of the 19th Virginia Cavalry, was not thrown out of court until sometime in the eighties when Judge Homer Holt was on the bench.

Anyway the people quietly organize a lynching bee to deal summarily with the Judge Harrison on his return to Lewisburg from the Huntington court. In some way the word leaked to the judge and he went home by way of Anthony Creek instead of the usual route, the Lewisburg and Marlinton Turnpike. I have heard the rope was to be tied to the Marlinton bridge when they dropped the judge in the river.

Then the judge got in a mess at Lewisburg court; got knocked through a window by the clerk of the court; went west and died within my own recollection in a poor house in Colorado.

All this is just leading up to say that the late Spencer Dayton appeared on the scene at a time when a lot of good people were in need of an advocate. The local attorneys were barred by reason of the test oath. They could not swear they had not aided and abetted the late Southern Confederacy.

Incidentally one of them, Captain D. A. Stopher did stand and so swear. Having raised a whole company, called the Pocahontas Reserves, and marched them off in the Tin Cup Campaign to Philippi as their captain; having collected some five mine balls in his body during the following four years of war, the doughty captain was promptly indicted for false swearing. Then he too apparently stood in need of an advocate as much as anybody else.

Pocahontas Times - 4

- Pocahontas Times  
1/5/40

THE  
POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY FEBRUARY 3, 1938

You have heard how it has been said in old time: a bright young man got himself on credit a hand me down printing press and a shirt tail full of type, a bundle of paper and a daub of ink to launch a periodical on the sea of an unsuspecting public; to make an editor or become a slave in the attempt; any one or both.

Out of the reek and wrack of such hit and miss procedures there did come out of such trials by fire a brand of old hickory, self made and self sustaining newspaper men. Of many it could be said of such hardy souls they could take the biggest drinks of liquor and write the dullest editorials. However, in rare instances the flux was just right, the dross to consume, the gold to refine, for from the flames would arise, phoenix like, an editor all to the good.

Would that I could go on with descriptive tribute to such an editor whose price is far above rubles, but the above labored writing is merely preface to saying future editors of America are now being milled out in the Department of Journalism of the University of West Virginia: "The education and training of newspaper men and women should be on a level with the preparation of other leading professions." And here, too, would that I could lay off on to a piece of writing about how our University is now fulfilling its sphere by weaving strands into the warp and woof of citizenship which strengthen the fabric of our social order. This too will have to be deferred for I have some good writing to present.

Some weeks ago I wrote a piece on the present low estate of the Fourth Estate; Dr. P. L. Reed, head of the University Department of Journalism read the rambling observations and was provoked to remark, in part as follows:

"The worst aspect of the whole

On W  
was b  
the S  
for e  
will b  
the w

stands the charges you make are essentially true, but the best aspect is that men within the profession are taking a rather searching inventory of their journalistic stock and are not waiting for some force from the outside to force a housecleaning upon them. When the editors and publishers themselves have the intelligence and courage to look things fairly in the face and then set out to try to do something about it, we may rest assured that whatever weaknesses we may discover in our profession are likely to be remedied.

"In the journalistic scheme of things the reader is the important factor. He is king. We are all his servants. And so long as we make it clear in what we publish that we are first of all thinking of the general welfare, we are not going to get into any difficulty and are going to have plenty of staunch friends among our readers. But when we forget the reader and the general good, he has a way of curing that malady rather promptly. And all of us in the profession know exactly what his method is.

"Freedom of expression and freedom of the press are gems of priceless worth. They belong to the people, not alone to the publisher. With the news reels and the radio hesitating at times to say aloud what some are thinking, it becomes the duty of every newspaperman to see that not the slightest encroachment on the freedom is allowed. And if we play squarely and decently with our reading public, I don't think there is any power on land or sea that is going to shackle in even the smallest way the great liberty that we as newspapermen in this country have enjoyed and value almost above life. One of the best ways for us to keep that power and to withstand every onslaught of our enemies is for us to . . . take an honest look at ourselves and speak, even to ourselves, the truth that may hurt a bit."

I get a letter the other day from a writer's project bringing the request to give some facts and figures about the Greenbank community, and some fancies in the way of a tall hunting story about Huntersville.

To consider the last item of the request first, I will here again reprint the panther killing experience of Equire James Sharp, more than a century since. The Squire was a son of William Sharp, the pioneer, who settled at Huntersville in 1773, at the age of about 30 years. His declaration for a pension in 1832, recites that he saw service in the campaign to the Indian towns in 1764, to bring back

land of Indian  
stricken by  
Sanitarium.

Picture no. 2.  
for New Hospital  
arium, a State Insti-  
tution for the treatment of Negroes suffering  
from tuberculosis. The gentlemen with

the calf. Properly reinforced, Mr. Sharp went back to the spot where he had fired nine times and there behold what no hunter had seen before or since: Nine dead panthers; every shot had told with fatal effect. It appears there were seasons when these animals went in packs and this appears to have been one of those times.

Greenbank, lovely village of upper Pocahontas, is situated in the green plain like valley of the Deer Creek and its North Fork. The first settlers came there prior to the American Revolution from the Valleys of the Shenandoah, the Jackson, the Cowpasture and the South Branch of the Potomac Rivers. These settlers were mostly Scotch Irish, with some English and German names.

I have heard the name came from the grassy slope of the plateau on which the old Liberty Church and the modern high school are situated. This sunny bank greens early in spring and so the name. However, I put some dependance in the tradition the place was named for the sake of the village of Greenbank in old England. Anyway one of the early settlers was William Nottingham, a native of England, a part of whose farm is now a part of the Uriah Hevener estate. He came here just after the Revolution, and maybe he brought him self of the village of Greenbank back home when he saw his new home surroundings.

Sometime prior to the Revolution John Warwick settled at the forks of Deer Creek on lands still occupied by his descendants. Here he built the community fort, as early as 1770 and maybe a year or two before the great rush into this valley beginning about that year. The erection of this fort in such good hunting and fishing country was exasperating to the Indians, and they were very troublesome to the settlers living within reach of the fort. On one occasion, an Indian was seen to climb a tree to reconnoitre the fort; he was located and shot by Major Jacob Warwick. Once when this fort was invested by Indians, one of the attacking party shot an arrow in to the enclosure from the top of the "Mole Hill" which

days is the large gallery for the colored retainers of the families of the congregation. Meeting house and session room have ever been kept up in good repair and in recent years a Sunday School room has been added. Strong pastors have served this people. In the early days there were such men as Dr. Kennedy, from New Jersey; Dr. John C. Barr, later for so many years pastor of the First Church in Charleston; J. A. H. Hamilton, later of St. Paul, ~~and the~~ William T. Price. ~~and the~~ ~~deliberately written more than~~ ~~80 years ago.~~

Greenbank is a village but it has a high school which in size and importance would be a credit to a city of five thousand people. For that matter by means of transportation of pupils it serves a wide spread population of the big Greenbank District.

Away back in 1842, General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Virginia established the Greenbank Academy, a preparatory branch of the University of Virginia. For nearly twenty years this academy played an important part in the culture and educational development of a virile people until broken up by the war between the states.

No part of West Virginia was more thoroughly ravaged by war than Pocahontas county, and no part of the county suffered in greater degree than Greenbank. The contending forces were marching, camping, fighting and raiding through from the very beginning to almost the end, with home talent bush whacking activities on the side most any time.

Greenbank was strongly southern in sympathy. The Greenbank Company, or "Mountain Rifles," who mustered in consisted of 110 men. Of these, 100 were six feet or more in height. This company was assigned to the 31st Virginia Infantry a fighting company of a fighting regiment. There were 96 casualties. They followed Jackson from McDowell on. After Jackson's death at the Wilderness, they saw Antietam, Gettysburg, Cold Harbor, around Richmond, Petersburg, and the rest. The company suffered terribly in the Bloody Angle at Spottsylvania Court House. A good

top of the "Mole Hill" where Major Warwick

# STATE ATTRACTIONS

3

couriers dispatched with messages from General Lewis to Lord Dunmore on the march to the mouth of the Kanawha River, prior to the Battle of Point Pleasant, the fall of 1774: that he saw much service in the war for liberty, which followed. His declining years were spent at the home of his son, James, who was a Commissioner of the Court under the old arrangement when all its members were squires of their respective districts; he was high sheriff of the county and an elder in the church. He was held in esteem for his scrupulous and strict integrity. The Squire was much in the habit of hunting at the proper season, not only for the sport, but as a matter of business, for the proceeds were useful in bartering for family supplies for the comfort and sustenance of his household. While living at Huntersville he had a very sensational adventure on Buckley Mountain. It was growing late and it was near the time to set out for home. He was passing leisurely along when a panther suddenly mounted a log but a few yards in front of him. He shot the varment, but when the smoke cleared away another stood in the same place on the log. This performance was repeated nine times. When the hunter became panic stricken and flanked out for home. Some time during the night the remainder of the pack followed the trail of the hunter to his house and killed a year-

the present road forks to Cass. is a measured distance of better than five hundred yards.

Elizabeth, aged 14 years, daughter of Thomas Galford, went on an errand to the mill. She was never seen afterwards. The searching parties found Indian sign; vain pursuit was made and the families fled to the fort. The fort was attacked; a man named Sloan was killed, and an Indian wounded. The Indian was taken to a glade near Arbovale, and secreted. Hence the name "Hospital Run." One tradition has it the gun shot wound responded to the treatment of chewed sassafras bark and he recovered to go to his village across the Ohio. Another story is that he died and was buried. About 1800 a peaceful band of several hundred Indians came to Greenbank from the Ohio country to a visit to their old hunting and fishing country.

I have found no record as to when the community church was built, but it was along back in the 1790's or the early 1800's. Anyway it was a log structure and old when replaced by Liberty Presbyterian Church in the 1850's. The old church stood where now is the Arbovale cemetery.

In Liberty is preserved the fine simplicity of the early meeting house type of church architecture; painted white its attractiveness is doubly enhanced by its setting in a large park area of oak. An item of the old

W  
I  
Gre

M  
my  
day

F...  
.29  
15c

near  
Mar

Not  
lowin  
the u  
count  
Virgi

Ha  
tors o  
Moore

Katid  
estate  
Geo  
the e

in d

is M

or eti

same

in t

emilin

the le

funne

was a

J. H

te Jan

Oct 11, 18

Inventory of Materials

Topic: Biography W. Va.

MISCELLANEOUS

Title: "The Pathfinder of the Seas" (Matthew J. Maury)

Author: Mrs. Rella 4. Yeager

Status: Complete

Date Submitted:

Length: 1950 words

Editor:  
Contents: Complete statement on life of "The Pathfinder of the Seas" - Matthew Jon-  
faine Maury. Gives description of his  
life in U. S. Navy; his scientific chart  
and volumes, "Sailing Directions"; Brussels  
Conference of 1853.

Source: \_\_\_\_\_

Consultant: \_\_\_\_\_

Reliability: not checked

File: Biography  
Folder: \_\_\_\_\_

January 1950  
C

"THE PATHFINDER OF THE SEAS"

Americans have not always acknowledged the greatness of their fellowmen. This has been characteristic of the Nation. While there are occasional movements toward recognition of the public services of some distinguished son of the Republic, there are still many who today are practically unknown by the American People. This is unfortunately true of one whom all Europe proclaimed as the "greatest American of his times" but who is not familiar to his own countrymen.

It is therefore our privilege to give the first national record in an American Historical Journal of Commander Matthew Fontaine Maury, the American who charted the winds and the currents of the Oceans; who gave to the world the new science of meteorology; who is in reality the father of the National Observatory at the seat of our National Government and who originated the great system today is known as the Weather bureau.

There is no American whose service to his generation was so great and whose life at home was spent in such seclusion; about him there was the modesty of greatness, for as an American he refused the highest scientific honors of Europe and renounced wealth, fame and even a palace as the gift of an emperor, to pass his last days in the hills of Virginia that he loved. Our beloved West Virginia shares this honor with Virginia, the Mother State.

A friend of kings, he passed away in the beautiful little town of Lexington, Virginia, within the shadow of the graves of Robert E. Lee and General Stonewall Jackson. Through the Journal of American History the life and character of this Great American has just been completed.

The investigator is an authority in southern history who is intimately acquainted with those among whom Commander Matthew Fontaine Maury spent his life, and from private historical sources has prepared this record.

Though this investigation a movement has also been made for the erection of a monument to the great American, with an appropriation from the Congress of the government that he so well served.

With the beginning of the past century, on the 14th of January, 1806, only ten miles from the city of Fredericksburg in the County of Sporrsylvania, Virginia, was born Matthew Fontaine Maury. He came of goodly stock, for there mingled in his nature, in equal parts, the sturdy religious life of the French Huguenots and the gallantry of the English Cavalier. On his mothers side he belonged to the distinguished Miner family of Virginia, while his name bears testimony that his paternal ancestors were of the choice Huguenots who, from the persecutions of Catholic France stretched their arms to the new world.

When Maury was only five years old, his parents went to Tennessee and settled near the present town of Franklin. There 'mid the forests of Tennessee in the days of the early settlers, before advanced civilization had built her great highways of travel or her schools of learning, there grew up the lad who was to become the "Pathfinder of the Sea".

Few were the early educational advantages of young Maury, but an accident in his youth that seemed to disqualify him for farm life, led his father to give him an opportunity at Harpeth Academy.

The activity of his mind brought him into the special notice of his instructors and the association ripened into life long friendship.

J. H. Otey, afterward Bishop of Tennessee, and William C. Hasbrouck, to whom Maury dedicated his work on "The Physical Geography of the Sea" were his teachers at the Academy. Maury's ambition was for a course at West Point but his parents denied this to him. Young Maury left home without his father's blessing, for without their knowledge he sought an appointment in the Navy. In 1825 an inland lad of 19 years, Matthew Maury received his appointment to the United States Navy, and was assigned as midshipman on the frigate "Brandywine".

There was no Naval Academy, for it was Maury himself who first advocated the establishment of the great government school at Annapolis.

This young aspirant for Naval honors, must needs prosecute his studies amid the trying scenes of active sea service. It at once became evident that Maury had resolved to master both the theory and practice of his profession.

His comrades of that early period relate that on the round spot of the quarter-deck, he chalked his diagrams in spherical trigonometry to enable him, when on duty pacing to and fro, to employ the precious moments in useful study. It chanced that during the first year of his service, the "Brandywine" bore LaFayette from his visit to this country.

Tradition tells us that the distinguished Marquis spoke many pleasant and encouraging words to the studious midshipman. In 1826, Maury was transferred to the sloop-of-war "Vincennes"--about to make a cruise around the world. The opportunities for study on this voyage were much to his advantage, and on his return home, he was ready for his examinations.

In 1831, he was appointed master of the sloop-of-war "Falmouth" which had been ordered to Pacific waters. He at once sought diligently for information as to the best track for his vessel, but no reliable charts for his guidance were in existence. He keenly realized that here was a great need to be supplied and his bold and active brain forthwith began to grapple with the problem of ocean charts.

On this voyage he observed the curious phenomenon of the low barometer off Cape Horn, and wrote upon the subject his first scientific paper and it was at this time that he began his textbook on navigation.

At his home for a time in 1834, two important events occurred. He was married to Miss Anna Herndon of Fredericksburg, Virginia. From this time on we find much of his time and life woven into the history of the old 'Burg on the Rappahannock. The other event that marked this year at home, was the publication of his first book, a treatise on navigation, which became for many years a text book in the United States Navy, and was in every essential particular outlined by Matthew Maury.

He saw it as a vision from heaven with blessings to earth, and he failed not to prophesy to his people. It was on his return from the Brussels Conference to his post at Washington, laden with honors that Maury stood clearly before the world,

"the founder of the twin sciences of hydrography and meteorology". No less a man than Alexander Van Humbolt declared him the "father of a new science", and was distinguished Baron in his 90th year wrote him a fervid letter of congratulation.

The simple De hot pot of charts and instruments entrusted to the young lieutenant became a National Observatory, with the great man of science as its superintendent. In all particulars this National Observatory under Maury, outlined and comprehended, that now at Washington is divided into four separate departments. Science has conferred no greater boon upon the world than the great ocean cables, that flash the news. It was the genius of Commander Maury that from all this dry data brought forth, those scientific deductions that revolutionized the ship sailing of the world. This took form in a series of six charts and eight large folio volumes of "Sailing Direction", that comprehended all waters in every clime where fly the white sails of civilized commerce. The charts are known as "Maury's wind and currents chart", and are styled "Track Charts," "Thermal Charts," and "Storm and Rain Charts." They exhibit with wonderful accuracy, the winds and currents, their force and direction at different seasons of the year, the temperature of the service waters, the calm belts and trade winds, the rains and the storms.

The eight volumes are of "Sailing Directions" and are brim full of the most valuable nautical information, and are treasures to every intelligent seaman. With these charts and directions, the navigator knows for each season, and in all waters where he has best chances for a swift and safe voyage. Some idea of the work accomplished can be formed from the statement that 20,000 copies of "Sailing Directions" were distributed gratuitously to the merchant vessels.

The practical result to the navigator of the revelations of this great "Pathfinder of the Sea" has been that in the most difficult of all sea-voyages, that from New York to San-Francisco, around Cape Horn, the trip has been shortened by forty days, and it has been estimated that in shortening the time and lessening the dangers of sea-voyage there has been a saving to the world's commerce of not less than two,000,000 annually.

The accuracy of Maury's work was shown when on one occasion, the "San Francisco" with troops on board was severely damaged in an Atlantic hurricane. The helpless wreck drifted out to the sea.

The Secretary of the Navy appealed to Maury, who estimated where wind and wave acting upon a helpless wreck, would drift the vessel. With a blue pencil he marked the spot on his chart. To this spot relief was sent, and the survivors rescued.

In his "Physical Geography of the Sea", in his discussion of "Sea Routes", Maury has this to say: "So to shape the course on voyages as to make the most of winds and currents at sea, is the navigator's art. How the winds blow and the currents flow along this route is no longer a matter of opinion or subject of speculation, but a matter of certainty determined by actual observation. The winds and the weather daily encountered by hundreds who have sailed on the same voyage before him and 'the distance made good' by each from day to day, have been tabulated and arranged for the mariner; nay, his path has been literally blazed through the winds for him on the sea; mile posts have been set up on the waves, and finger-boards planted, and time tables furnished for the trackless waste."

The international character of the work soon led to an international conference. It was at Maury's instance that in 1853 the United States called the celebrated Brussels Conference. It was a notable gathering of scientific men. Nearly every important maritime nation was there represented and a systematic plan of co-operation provided. It was at this conference that Maury advocated the extension of the same system of meteorological observations to land also and thus form a weather bureau, helpful to agriculture. This he continued to urge and agitate in his papers and addresses all over the country until the very close of his life. The great Signal Service and Weather Bureau, successfully operated in the world today from continent to continent and for this the debt is due to Maury, for the great Atlantic cable is one of the radiant sparks that flew from his anvil as he wrought.

The Physical Geography of the Sea and its meteorology he founded the way to the very heart of nature and land before us her majestic laws.

Master of a pure English style he sets before us the marvelous phenomena of earth and sea.

Master of a pure English style he sets before the marvelous phenomena of earth and sea and air, in thought and language that flows deep and strong, and warm and life giving like the great current of the Gulf Stream.

No American has ever received higher testimonials from foreign countries; Orders of Knighthood were bestowed upon him by the Emperor of Russia, King of Denmark, King of Portugal, King of Belgium and Emperor of France, while other countries struck gold medals in his honor. The Pope sent him a full set of all the medals struck during his pontificate and Maximilian decorated him with the "Crest of our Lady Gaudalopus". By special request Alexander Von Humboldt bestowed upon him the "Cosmos Medal", struck in honor of the great Baron. It is the only duplicate of that medal in existence.

The Cambridge University of England conferred on him the degree of L.L.D. It is said that in Berlin there stands a statue to his memory. Thus Kings, to do him honor, took delight. The only civilized nation that has withheld adequate recognition of his services has been the government of the United States. All that has come to him from his own government has been the meager pay of his rank in the Navy.

In the Capital City where for twenty years his great brain projected influences that are blessing the whole civilized world today, and are the very honor and glory of our own land, there stands no memorial of his service, no bronze or marble to tell of his greatness. There is not even a bust nor a portrait in the National Observatory where his work was done.

When this nation built its National Library, from all nations and all ages were brought names through worthy to be woven into the beautiful Mosaic of that national structure, but while the antiquarian dug deep to find some of the names that are there, we look in vain for that of him who, born on our native soil and toiling under the very shadow of the Capitol, became the founder of twin sciences

out aware the mind with their wonders and shed light and blessings to the ends of the earth.

The claims of Maury for recognition at the hands of this nation do not rest upon Military service, or any relation he bore, or did not bear that brought us into war. It rests upon a service that saves life and property, a service that is one of the brightest stars that adorn the victories of peace.

Maury is one of the greatest names that adorns the history of Virginia. Do not think the name of Maury is forgotten in his own land. It is too closely woven into his great science ever to be lost to the world.

The Congress of Meteorology must render to the name of Maury a tribute of profound gratitude, as the founder of our science and the highest honor for his great researches in every department of this science.

Inventory

April 27, 1940

Nelle Y. McLaughlin  
Marlinton, W. Va.POCAHONTAS COUNTYChapter 4- Section 4 - part b - Question 1.

You asked for a socially inherent reason for the formation of a separate county. I looked through the County Records and all of the Histories of the counties of which Pocahontas had been a part and could not find the answer to this question. In desperation I went to Mr. Calvin Price and he assured me that this had never been put in print but that he could give me the reason and that I could quote him.

It seems that the people from Marlinton, Huntersville, and this section of the county had to go to Warm Springs to Court. The people from Greenbank and the upper part of the county had to go to Franklin. The people from the Elk section of the county had to go to Beverly, and those from Swago and the lower end of the county had to go to Lewisburg. Mr. Price says that the people in what is now Pocahontas County being more or less related, they just decided to form a compact county of their own with the county seat at Huntersville.

If this isn't sufficient information, let me know and perhaps I can get something more from Mr. Price, for at times he seems to be our only source of information, and he is always most kind about helping us.

Roads and Parks  
Chapter 3

The Charleston Gazette, S

## July 4th Tour of State's Scenic Spots Is Suggested

483-Mile Trip and 508-Mile Alternate Are Charted  
By State Road Commission Information Bureau;  
Camping, Picnicking Are Permitted

With a long weekend in prospect for the Fourth of July, the state road commission suggested a typical West Virginia tour yesterday for those seeking the coolness and scenic beauty of the state's highlands.

### Charts 483-Mile Trip

Mrs. Lois Ford, in one of her last acts as chief of the information department, charted a 483-mile trip that will take the traveler through historic sections of the state as well as those rich in natural beauty and developed as recreational centers.

From Charleston, Mrs. Ford suggests taking U. S. 60, the route of the historic James River and Kanawha Turnpike, which in the trip to Lewisburg passes through busy industrial sections, picturesque Gauley Bridge, and past Hawks Nest state park and the New River canyon, with its breath-taking scenery.

Historic points on this section of the trip include Tyree Tavern, known as Halfway House, which dates beyond the revolution and was rebuilt in 1810, and the 117-year-old Old Stone House on the west slope of Big Sewell mountain.

### Swimming Available At Park

At Lewisburg, the tourist is advised to turn north into U. S. 219—the Seneca Trail—through the blue-grass farmlands and past Droop Mountain Battlefield state park, where was fought one of the longest engagements of the Civil war, and Watoga State park where one may pause for a swim in the cool mountain waters of Watoga lake.

State Route 39, which intersects with 219, goes to Minnehaha Springs,

the historic James River and Kanawha Turnpike, which in the trip to Lewisburg passes through busy industrial sections, picturesque Gauley Bridge, and past Hawks Nest state park and the New River canyon, with its breath-taking scenery.

Historic points on this section of the trip include Tyree Tavern, known as Halfway House, which dates beyond the revolution and was rebuilt in 1810, and the 117-year-old Old Stone House on the west slope of Big Sewell mountain.

#### Swimming Available At Park

At Lewisburg, the tourist is advised to turn north into U. S. 219—the Seneca Trail—through the blue-grass farmlands and past Droop Mountain Battlefield state park, where was fought one of the longest engagements of the Civil war, and Watoga State park where one may pause for a swim in the cool mountain waters of Watoga lake.

State Route 39, which intersects with 219, goes to Minnehaha Springs, a summer recreational resort suggested as a good stop-over on the trip.

From this point, the tour goes north on Route 28—a cool, scenic drive through the heart of the Monongahela National forest—to Judy Gap where a good forest road leads to Spruce Knob, the highest point in the state. Use of U. S. 220 is then advised by Mrs. Ford to Petersburg—a drive that follows the South Branch of the Potomac for some distance and passes the Smoke Hole area, famed as a fisherman's paradise, where cabins may be rented.

#### Seneca Beauty Cited

For the return trip, Mrs. Ford suggests State Route 4, east and then southeast through the limestone country where mighty rocks such as 900-foot Seneca provide a scene not often witnessed by the city dweller. Seneca caverns and a new development, the Smoke Hole caverns, provide subterranean beauty surpassing the highly-advertised caves of other states. *No*  
Between Mouth of Seneca and Elkins on Route 4 are Alpena and Stuart Memorial parks, where camping and picnicking are permitted, while good swimming at Stuart park is also available before the trip through the Upshur country farm lands and down the Valley of the Elk back to Charleston.

As an alternate tour of 508 miles, Mrs. Ford suggests U. S. 60 to Gauley Bridge, U. S. 19 to Summersville, State 39 to Richwood, State 20 to Buckhannon, State 4 to Petersburg, State 42 to Mount Storm, U. S. 50 to Red House, U. S. 219 to Elkins and State 4 to Charleston—a route that passes the Holley River state park and the French Creek farm.

STATE ATTRACTIONS

Pocahontas

Inventory of Materials

Topic: Flora U. Va.

Plants from the

Title: Cranberry Glades

Author: Emma Woodward

9-8-38

Date Submitted: \_\_\_\_\_ Length: 171 Words

Status: \_\_\_\_\_ Editor: \_\_\_\_\_

Contents: \_\_\_\_\_

Article from Clarksburg Exponent Sept 8 1938

Sources: \_\_\_\_\_

Consultants

Bibliography

STATE ATTRACTIONS

For Mr. Graham

From Clarksburg Exponent Sept 8, 1938  
(Today)

Jim:

Richwood, Sept. 7.

Plants from the famous Cranberry Glades will be classified by experts of the Smithsonian Institution, D. C. museum as a result of a recent visit by Dr. Paul Bartosh, head curator of the institution and chief of the Department of Botany at George Washington University, Washington.

Bartosh & Dr. T. Parker, also of Washington are guests of Miss Billie Doton, here.

"Not since I was in Labrador have I seen such a sight as Cranberry Glades," Dr. Bartosh said. "The reindeer moss is a mystery as to how it grows here and from whence it comes. In the far north there is an abundance of it, but why it should be in this particular spot in W. Va. is beyond me."

Q. If — and in is it

Richmond, Sept. 7.  
Plants from the famous Cranberry Glades  
will be classified by experts of the Smithsonian  
Institution, D. C. museum as a result of a recent  
visit by Dr. Paul Bartels, head curator of the  
institution and chief of the Department of  
Zoology at George Washington University, Washington  
Bartels & Dr. T. Parker, also of Washington

were guests of Miss Billie Doton, here.

"Not since I was in Labrador have I seen  
such a sight as Cranberry Glades," Dr. Bartels  
said. "The reindeer moss is a mystery  
as to how it grows here and from whence it  
comes. In the far north there is an abundance  
of it, but why it should be in this particular  
spot in W. Va. is beyond me."

The glades, high meadows in the  
mountains about 35 miles from here, has  
attracted many plant experts. They describe it  
as a "zoo" of plant life.

Dogwood - Webster Co.

Planted out about 30 yrs ago  
by Peoria Lumber Co.

(not exactly correct name)

at that time

ments in Pocahontas County, Virginia.—By Dr N. R.

ental Run, near Arbovale: Name a tradition that an Indian was wounded in the fight at Crab Run, camped on the run while recovering. Poultices of sassafras leaves were to be used by Indians for gun wounds afterwards found at this place.

Frost. Situated on high exposed ground, referring to a cold locality, name of a village and postoffice.

Dennmar. A lumber town and post office on Greenbrier River, started about 1910 by a Mr Dennison, who came from Hagerstown, Maryland. The name formed from the first syllable of Dennison and Maryland, Dennmar. Now the site for the State tuberculosis sanitarium for colored people.

Caesar Mountain. Overlooking the Levels of Pocahontas County, and a part of Droop Mountain Battlefield. First settled and named by Henry Messingbird at the beginning of the 19th century. (Prices Historical Sketches, page 110) Messingbird was a man of mystery who seemed to be well educated, a classical scholar; hence the name, possibly. At his death he freed his slaves, of whom he had several. He left Caesar one mountain, and to Vina another mountain.

Bradley Creek. Named for the pioneer Patrick Bradley, who first settled on the branch of Hills Creek. Numerous descendants live in the locality.

Swago Creek. Tributary to the Greenbrier River, four miles below Marlinton. Word of Indian origin, probably the same Seminole derivation as O-ways. The valley in early days was much frequented by the Indians evidenced by several Indian Mounds, and Indian stone rollers found in pro-  
fessional stone (flint) for artifacts recovered from the limestone strata on this creek.

Bruey Branch of Cranberry River in the Black Forest. One of those same treeless barren hills, Hatton Hollards, Bentover, Little Rough, Big Rough, all branches of Cranberry Creek, brought here by the Rummel family from Middle Fork of the Kentucky River country. Note the similarity of names recorded by John Fox Jr. in his tales of the Kentucky Mountain.

Woodrow. Name of postoffice from the family name of James Woodrow, a great landowner and lawyer from James and James Greenbrier, who started school, 1800, adjoining and to Robert Morris, the founder of the American Revolution.

Edray. About one hundred years ago the name given to the postoffice, from the Bible city Edrai, meaning powerful "a place surrounded." That it is most aptly named will be realized by a look from the Elk Mountain road.

Onoto. Near by, was so named upon the establishment of the post office there about forty years ago for a poetess of Japan. I do not now recall whether it was her given or her surname.

Numerous small creeks and runs in Pocahontas county, such as Span Oak Run, Cup Run etc., named from some natural phenomena such as a leaning tree used as a foot bridge, or a hollowed stone, which may have disappeared.

On the head of Swago creek there is a "Natural Bridge" formed by a stratum of the lim-stone, about forty feet in length and fifteen feet high, under which the stream flows. This bridge is in a very rugged country in the forest.

Sunday Lick Run and Monday Lick Run about half mile apart and two miles below Marlinton, tributary to Greenbrier River from the east side near the mouth of Swago Creek. In pioneer days deer licks were frequented on the streams and fanciful names given by hunters. There is a tradition that once a hunter killed a deer on Sunday at one of these licks; Sunday hunting was frowned upon by the early settlers, and the name given as an enduring reproach. Lick Ridge lies between Sunday and Monday Licks, from Len Monday, pioneer hunter.

Raintown. A lumber settlement on Stamping Creek near Mill Point developed by John Raine, lumberman. The mill is gone but a settlement remains. Stamping Creek a turbulent mountain stream which "sings" with reverberations. Mill Point located for a pioneer milling place, the mill an overshot wheel still remains. Stamping Creek nearby, was the stamping ground for the buffalo.

Sugar Creek. Tributary to Williams River in the Monongahela National Forest. Named for the profusion of the trees of the sugar maple species.

Tee Creek. Also tributary to Williams River. A clear stream flowing out of a dense spruce forest. The sedimentary deposits on stones from the creek, off at meadows gives the water in the bed an amber color. A rapid trout stream.

Woodrow. Post office and school started for President Woodrow Wilson.

Sitlington Creek. Named for the first settler, Robert Sitlington (prices sketches, page 235) who settled at Dunmore on this creek. Robert Sitlington was the step-father of Jacob Warwick (1740-1826) my grandfather three removes, who was a noted land owner and Indian scout in Pocahontas and Birth counties. He resided at different times on Jacks River near Warm Springs and at Clover Lick on Clover Creek on Greenbrier River.

Dunmore, on Sitlington's creek was undoubtedly named for Lord Dunmore the last Colonial Governor of Virginia. After the Revolution, because of personal unpopularity of the memory of Governor Dunmore repeated moves were made to change the name, but it has persisted none the less. In later years two citizens of the name of Dunn and Moore claimed that the name was coined from their joint names, and Price so states in history of the county. However the place was known as Dunmore in pre-Revolutionary times, being the site of Jacob Warwick's Fort on or near by Deer Creek.

Price Run. Enters Greenbrier River at Marlinton, west side; also Price Hill in the same locality. Home of the Price family. The original Lewis Survey (1751) acquired by Jacob Warwick and settled by his daughter Nancy and her husband Major William T Poage about 1790. The survey, 640 acres comprised the whole of the site of the present county seat, Marlinton. William Thomas Price author of Prices Historical Sketches of Pocahontas County, born here July 19, 1830, and died at the place where he was born January 15, 1921, aged ninety years. The Hill and stream named for the Price Place is now occupied in part by myself.

Price Place

3/28/42

# STATE ATTRACTIONS CITED BY BIAS IN ADDRESS TO CLUB

West Virginia Leads in Percentage of Native-Born White Population

## RESIDENTS WIN WORLD FAME

First Battles of Revolution and Civil War Fought in Borders  
—Leads in Glass Output

An historical sketch of West Virginia, including each progressive step from the time of Virginia's secession during the Civil war, was given by B. Randolph Bias, Williamson attorney, before an unusually large audience of members and guests of the Huntington Woman's club at the monthly general meeting this afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in the club house.

Mrs. Karl C. Prichard, president of the club, presided at the meeting and the program was sponsored by the Civics department, of which Mrs. Douglas W. Brown is chairman. The business session was omitted in order to give Mr. Bias time for his address, "West Virginia," which has received widespread notice in the state.

Mr. Bias is a prominent attorney in Williamson, being former assistant prosecuting attorney of Mingo county and former president of the West Virginia State Bar association.

His address this afternoon, in part, follows:

"West Virginia was born of the Civil war because that part of Virginia which now constitutes West Virginia was loyal to the Union and refused to secede.

### Descendants From Colonists

"Its fifty-five counties have twenty-five thousand square miles of area and a million and a half of the best people on earth.

"Its people are honest, truthful, industrious, law-abiding and God-fearing. Largely descended from the colonists of Virginia, eighty-nine and nine-tenths per cent of them are native-born whites.

"Including the time before Virginia was dismembered, the two Virginias gave to history John Brown,

five railroad companies their general counsel, Cornwell to Baltimore & Ohio; Fitzpatrick to the Chesapeake & Ohio and Knight to the Virginian.

"Julia Pierpont, who established 'Memorial Day,' was a West Virginian, as was Ann Jaryis, who founded 'Mother's Day.' Alexander Wade, father of the graded school system, was a West Virginian, as was Alexander Campbell, founder of a great church.

"To literature, poetry and history we have furnished such people as David B. Strother, known in Civil war times as Port Grayson; Daniel B. Lucas and his sister, Virginia Lucas, Fannie Kemble Johnson, Dr. John P. Hale, Governor George W. Atkinson, Governor William A. McCorkle, William S. Edwards, Virgil A. Lewis, William Henry Foote, Hugh Maxwell, Bishop George W. Peterkins and Dr. James Monroe Callaghan.

"Thomas Dunn English was a resident of Logan county when he wrote that immortal ballad, "Ben Bolt."

"Leslie Thrasher, one of America's best known artists and illustrators, is also a West Virginian.

"The rural free delivery mail system was originated by Hon. W. L. Wilson, a West Virginian, who was postmaster general under President Cleveland.

"A West Virginian now is the head of the American army. A West Virginian is at the head of our national

in Williamson, and prosecuting attorney of Mingo county and former president of the West Virginia State Bar association. His address this afternoon, in part, follows:

"West Virginia was born of the Civil war because that part of Virginia which now constitutes West Virginia was loyal to the Union and refused to secede.

#### Descendants From Colonists

"Its fifty-five counties have twenty-five thousand square miles of area and a million and a half of the best people on earth.

"Its people are honest, truthful, industrious, law-abiding and God-fearing. Largely descended from the colonists of Virginia, eighty-nine and nine-tenths per cent of them are native-born whites.

"Including the time before Virginia was dismembered, the two Virginias gave to history John Smith, Pocahontas, Jamestown, Yorktown and Appomattox; the Declaration of Independence; the fathers of the Constitution; Washington, Jefferson, Marshall, Madison, Monroe, Henry, Mason, the Randolphs, the Lees and more presidents than any other state has given to the Union.

"Except for certain of the original thirteen colonies there are more graves of soldiers of the Revolution in West Virginia than in any other state.

"One county in West Virginia (Berkeley) gave to our cause in the Revolution five of its generals, including General Gates, Charles Lee and Alexander Stevens.

"The first battle of the Revolution (Point Pleasant) was fought on West Virginia soil as was the last battle, at Fort Henry.

#### First In War

"The first battle of the Civil war was fought at Philippi; the first Union soldier killed in the Civil war was a West Virginian; the Paul Revere of the Spanish American war, the man who carried the message to Garcia, (Major Andrew Summers Rowan) was a West Virginian; the Commander of the flagship New York in the battle of Santiago, was a West Virginian; the first man to scale the walls of Pekin in the Boxer rebellion was a West Virginian; and a West Virginian was first of the Allies to reach the Rhine in the World war (Captain Ward Lanham.)

"To the Union it gave its loyalty and itself; to the Confederacy it gave General Jackson.

**W**est Virginia has given to the Methodist Episcopal church five of its greatest bishops, that "Father of Methodism West of the Mississippi," Andrew Monroe; and its greatest church historian to Africa, Harry

David B. Strother, known in Civil war times as Port Grayson; Daniel B. Lucas and his sister, Virginia Lucas, Fannie Kemble Johnson, Dr. John P. Hale, Governor George W. Atkinson, Governor William A. McCorkle, William S. Edwards, Virgil A. Lewis, William Henry Foote, Hugh Maxwell, Bishop George W. Peterkins and Dr. James Monroe Callaghan.

"Thomas Dunn English was a resident of Logan county when he wrote that immortal ballad, "Ben Bolt."

"Leslie Thrasher, one of America's best known artists and illustrators, is also a West Virginian.

"The rural free delivery mail system was originated by Hon. W. L. Wilson, a West Virginian, who was postmaster general under President Cleveland.

"A West Virginian now is the head of the American army. A West Virginian is at the head of our national air service and a West Virginian was, in 1924, the nominee for president of the United States.

#### Streams For Power

"We have, today, eight thousand public schools, fourteen thousand teachers and spend for them, twenty-five million dollars. We have more than two hundred high schools today while in 1870 we had none. We employ fifteen hundred high school teachers and have more than twenty-five thousand high school students.

"When West Virginia university was established sixty years ago, it had a president, four instructors, and property valued at fifty thousand dollars. Today it has two hundred instructors and property worth more than two million dollars.

"West Virginia has water power furnishing almost inexhaustible possibilities. We have coal enough to supply the world with fuel for a century and uncut timber on our hills sufficient to last for a long time.

"We have produced oil of the highest grade and gas enough to supply several adjoining states. Annually we produce forty per cent of the total production of gas in the country leading all states.

"The largest conical mound, built by a prehistoric race, is located at Moundsville. It is seventy-five feet high and its circumference at its base is 900 feet.

"The first brick paved street in the world was laid in Charleston in 1870.

"West Virginia produces more glass than any state on earth and has eighteen of the largest factories in the world.

"We have the greatest percentage of native born white population of any state in the Union. We are a happy, contented, industrious, progressive, honorable and law-abiding

Virginian was first of the Allies to reach the Rhine in the World war (Captain Ward Lanham.)

"To the Union it gave its loyalty and itself; to the Confederacy it gave Stonewall Jackson.

West Virginia has given to the Methodist Episcopal church five of its greatest bishops, that "Father of Methodism West of the Mississippi," Andrew Monroe; and its greatest woman missionary to Alaska, Mary McFarland; to the Baptist church, the "Spurgeon of America," John W. Carter.

"To invention West Virginia gave James Ramsey, who built the first boat propelled by steam ten years before Fulton fulfilled his dream, and Michael J. Owen, who designed the bottle-making machine and sheet-glass drawing apparatus.

#### Great Athletes

"To literature West Virginia gave Melville Davisson Post, Henry Syndor Harrison, John Esten Cook, Rebecca Harding Davis, the mother of the more distinguished Richard Harding Davis, Margaret Prescott Montague, Herbert Quick and Waitman T. Barbe.

"To athletics and sports, the state has contributed Jack Dempsey, "Hurry Up" Yost, America's greatest football coach, and Ira Errett Rodgers, considered the greatest fullback ever on the football field.

"At the Olympic games in Paris in 1924 when the United States competed in various track and field events with practically all the nations on earth, winning a total of 255 points, Miss Martha Norelius, a 16-year-old West Virginia girl, of White Sulphur Springs, won the world championship in swimming making the 400 meter free-style swim in six minutes, two and a half seconds.

"West Virginia gave to California James Farley, a United States senator; to Iowa, the greatest senator she ever had, Jonathan P. Dolliver; to Ohio, four of her greatest governors; and to Alabama, Kansas, Maryland, and North Dakota each a governor; to Tennessee her greatest jurist, Felix Grundy; to Oregon, a great chief justice, Jesse Thornton, and John Stevenson who founded the City of Portland.

"To the colored race West Virginia gave its greatest leader, Booker T. Washington.

"To mathematics she gave Joseph Ray, whose arithmetics have been standard in the United States for forty years.

#### Great Attorneys

"West Virginia contributed to medicine Dr. John W. Mitchell; to the cabinets of presidents, Steven B. Elkins, Nathan Goff, William L. Wilson, Newton D. Baker, John Barton Payne and Howard M. Gore; to Wells Fargo Express Company, Dudley Evans, to three of the great trunk

base 11,000 feet.

"The first brick paved street in the world was laid in Charleston in 1870.

"West Virginia produces more glass than any state on earth and has eighteen of the largest factories in the world.

"We have the greatest percentage of native born white population of any state in the Union. We are a happy, contented, industrious, sociable, hospitable and law-abiding people and we are proud of our state."

# Pocahontas

## Chapter 4

### MEHALA MORAN McNEIL

Mrs. Mehala Caroline Moran McNeil, aged 77 years, died February 2, 1940, at her home on Swago. Though her health had been failing for some time her death was unexpected. On Sunday afternoon her body was buried in the family plot in the Buckley cemetery; the service was conducted from the Swago church by Rev. J C Wool.

Mrs McNeil was a daughter of the late John C. and Mary LaRue Moran. She was born in Grayson county, Va. She came with her parents to Pocahontas county in 1886. Of her father's family there remains her three sisters, Mrs Matilda Auldridge of Buckeye, Mrs Lydia Slayton of Huntersville and Mrs Annie Collins of Charleston.

On December 15, 1887, she became the wife of the late Charles L McNeil, who died about 20 years ago. To this union three children were born—John, at home; Bennett of Vanderpool, Va., and Mrs Mary P. Turner, of Trinity, Texas.

### MRS LELIA BURR MOORE

Mrs. Lelia Burr Moore, aged sixty three years, wife of E N Moore of Dunmore, died of a heart attack on Thursday, February 1, 1940. The funeral service was held from the Dunmore church on Saturday morning by her pastor, Rev. Quade Arbogast, assisted by Rev. A B Williford. Burial in Riverview cemetery, Ronceverte, Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Moore was a daughter of the late J Austin and Miriam Hannah Burr, of Ronceverte. Her brothers are Leland, of Ravenswood, Leslie, of Birmingham, Alabama; Harry, of Detroit, Michigan; Joe of Charleston; Rev. Quinn Burr, of Roanoke, Va. Her sisters are Mrs Samuel Myers of Corvallis, Washington, and Mrs H F. Jamison of Centerville, Ala.

She is survived by her husband and their two children, Eloise and Ernest N Moore, Jr.

— Washington Journal  
2/8/40

Pocahontas  
Chapter 4

Dear Cousin Calvin:

Your paper will soon be turned in to a genealogical magazine.

In reference to the inquiry of Mr. Preble about John Casey Harness, I think he was a great grandson of Michael and Elizabeth Westfall Harness; 1700 1784. Their eldest son, Captain John, born 1725, died 1810, married Eunice Pettice, daughter of Ebenezer Pettice, of Pennsylvania. Their sixth child, George, married Rebecca Casey. They had children but I do not know of any other than George who married Sally McNeill; Captain Jack who married Anne McNeill; John, Jr., (Casey?) who married Jane Welton in 1825; Annie who married Jacob VanMeter; Jane Antee who married George Cunningham; Catherine who married Isaac Cunningham.

John and Jane Welton Harness had C. E.; Daniel, Henry, George Wirt, 1831-1908; who married Mary A. Porterfield; Mastin, and Elizabeth, who married Bussan McMecham.

George and Sallie McNeill Harness had Molly, who married Jack Williams; Ann Rebecca who married James Kuykendall.

There is a wonderful mixture of kin in this family. They all came from that garden spot of America in the South Branch Valley of the Potomac.

Beside the child John, old Michael and Elizabeth Westfall Harness had Elizabeth, 1727 1804, married Phillip P. Yoakum; Barbara married Michael See; he died in 1784. They were the parents of Adam See, born September 19, 1764, who married Margaret, daughter of Major Jacob and Mary Vance Warwick, of Pocahontas County. He and his brother, Michael, Jr., came from Hardy County to Randolph County about 1790.

Margaretta Harness married Adam Trumbo and migrated to Kentucky. See Shane's Virginia and the Preston Papers, Wisconsin University.

Dorothy Harness married Samuel Hornbeck and went to Kentucky. See paper above.

Adam Harness was killed by the Indians while cutting hay in Butterfield Flat, now Hardy County, about 1745 to 1750.

Leonard married a Miss Hatch, and some say, went to Indiana. This family had a noted ranchman, known as Colonel Harness, who formerly lived at Ponca City, Oklahoma.

Peter Harness married Susan Carpenter. They had a child, mother and child were killed by Indians.

James married twice. His first wife was a Fox. Their children, Mary and Margaretta, married Englishmen.

Jacob's second wife was Lizzie R. abough. Their son was Conrad, who married Elizabeth Tucker. Jacob, when an old man, left most of his estate to his son Conrad. The daughters objected, so Conrad gave them the estate. In 1833 he made up a big caravan and set out for Oregon. There he found fine lands. He took his wagon train from the South Branch and went by way of Kentucky. There the family visited a month or six weeks with their kin who had gone there before. The train was so large it took a week to cross the Mississippi River. Captain Harness, of Los Angeles, California, who married Lillian, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. C. L. Austin, formerly of Pocahontas County, is a great grandson of the aristocratic Conrad, of Missouri.

Conrad, son of old Michael, married Mary Yoakum. He and his family were killed by the Indians. Returning home from church where his infant had been baptized (by sprinkling, says Rev. Shane) an Indian stepped from the woods. He took by the bridle the horse on which Mrs. Harness rode, brandishing his tomahawk. Conrad came to the rescue of his wife, and the Indian killed them all.

George, 1739 1823, married Elizabeth Yoakum. They had children, among whom were Elizabeth who married Jack Hutton. Mrs. E. F. Crummell, 1873 Hillside Road, E. Cleveland, Ohio, is a descendant.

Michael Harness, Jr., married Catherine Van Meter.

These people pioneered what is now Hardy County. Elizabeth Westfall Harness is said by Van Meter in his History of the Van Meter family, to have been the first white woman to have set foot in this part of Virginia.

Georgianne Dunlap Arnold,  
(Mrs. E. C. Arnold)

300 West 8th Street,  
Roswell, New Mexico.

- Pocahontas Town

1/4/40

Pocahontas

Chap 4

MRS. NAOMI VANREENAN

• DIED •

DR. JOHN M. YEAGER

Dr John M. Yeager aged 63 years died Sunday afternoon, April 14, 1940. For a year he had been in failing health, though up to within a few weeks of his death he had been active in his practice. The cause of his death was paralysis, but in reality this beloved physician had worn himself out in service of sick and ailing humanity.

On Tuesday afternoon his body was buried in the family plot in Mt View Cemetery. The funeral was conducted from the home in the presence of an immense throng of sorrowing friends by his pastor, Dr H. Malcom Sturm, of the Methodist Church. The pall bearers were C. B. Moore, Frank King, G. S. Callison, Kerth Nottingham, Richard Currence and Senator Fred C. Allen.

John Moody Yeager was born at Bartow, April 7, 1877. He was the second son of the late Brown M. and Harriet Arbogast Yeager. Of his father's family there remains his four brothers, Walker, Sterling, Bruce and Paul; his sisters, Mrs. Brownie Gatewood and Mrs. Texie Carroll.

In 1902 Dr. Yeager was united in marriage to Miss Mollie Smith, daughter of Captain A. E. Smith. To this union were born four children: Guy M. of Amingo; L. A. of Franklin; Mrs. Elmer Smith and Mrs. W. E. Adlung, of Washington D. C.

Dr. Yeager was graduated in medicine at Louisville, Ky. in 1901 and for 39 years has practiced his profession in Marlinton. He had a large practice, which reached to every walk of life. To rich and poor alike, his sympathizing heart went out in his passion to heal sick and broken bodies. No one will ever know the good this beloved physician did for it should be said he wore his life away and shortened his days in service to sick and suffering humanity. Blessed with a remarkable personality his circle of friends was wide for to know him was to love him.

"Know ye not that this day a great and good man has fallen?"

Mrs. Naomi VanReenan was born August 20, 1872 and departed this life at her home on Stony Creek on Sunday, April 7, 1940 aged 67 years 7 months and 18 days, following an illness of six weeks of influenza and complications. Everything that loving hands could do was done for her but God knew best and called her to her eternal reward. She bore her suffering with patience and was resigned to His will who doeth all things well.

Mrs. VanReenan was the only daughter of Francis M. and Rachel Galford McCoy. On December 21, 1892, she was united in marriage to William M. VanReenan who preceded her to the grave six years ago. To this union were born 12 children, all of whom survive their mother: Mrs. Mirl Tyler, Mrs. Lee S. Barlow, Bernard, Lonnie, Gilbert and Porter VanReenan of Marlinton; Dr. A. C. VanReenan of Bluefield; Forrest VanReenan of Warren Ohio; Myrtle VanReenan of Huntington, Hubert, Jane and Carl VanReenan at home. She is also survived by her brother, A. C. McCoy of Renfrow, Oklahoma, and 26 grandchildren besides a host of relatives and friends.

The funeral was conducted on Wednesday afternoon, from the West Union Church, by her pastor, Rev. R. H. Skaggs, assisted by Dr. Malcom Sturm of the Marlinton Methodist Church, and she was tenderly laid to rest beside her husband in the Cochran Cemetery on Stony Creek.

The esteem in which Mrs. VanReenan was held was attested to by the large concourse of friends who attended the last rites, also by the beautiful floral offering. The flower girls were: Mrs. Vance Livingston, Mrs. Clarence Kellison, Mrs. Porter Sharp, Mrs. Allen Sharp, Mrs. Roy Dever, Mrs. Eugene Simmons, Mrs. Harry Keene, Mrs. Ralph Elliott; Misses Anna Cole, Ethel Barlow, Betty Clay Sharp, Elizabeth Cochran, Norma June and Lucy Clair Kellison.

The pall bearers were: Ralph Dilley, Preston Duncan, Porter Sharp, Neal, Clawson and Jesae Beverage.

Mrs. VanReenan had been a loyal member of the West Union Methodist Church for many years, having been converted in early life, and she lived a consistent Christian life, loved by all who knew her. She was ever a devoted wife and mother, a good neighbor and friend.

4/16/40